

The Sketch

No. 1058.—Vol. LXXXII.

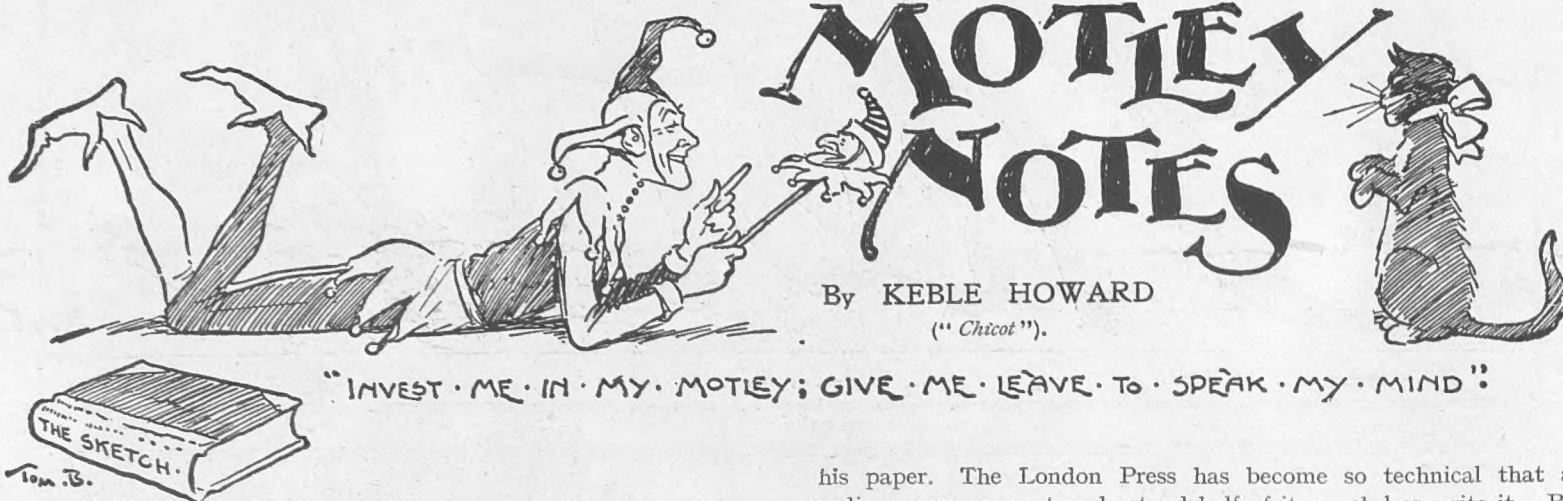
WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1913.

SIXPENCE.



"I HOPE WHEN DEATH DOES COME I SHALL FALL SEVERAL THOUSAND FEET": MISS TREHAWKE DAVIES, THE FAMOUS PASSENGER ON AEROPLANES, BEING WEIGHED IN HER FLYING-DRESS PRIOR TO A RECORD-MAKING HIGH FLIGHT.

Miss Trehawke Davies, that most famous and most regular of passengers on aeroplanes, said to the "Daily Mail," of a recent daring flight: "There was danger in every motion of the machine. We tossed and fell, and were shaken almost breathless. It was gloriously exciting. You never knew what was going to happen next. . . . I once wrote in the diary I keep while flying, 'This is our last moment alive in the air; it will be our first-moment dead on the ground.' I hope when death does come I shall fall several thousand feet and be killed instantly, rather than drop from a short height and stand the chance of being horribly maimed, and yet still alive. I won't wear a life-belt or a helmet, because I like to feel free to fling myself clear of the engine when the crash comes." Miss Davies has since met with a motoring accident at Hendon, the car in which she was riding, with Mrs. H. J. D. Astley, having collided with another on a bridge over the Welsh Harp. Fortunately, neither of the ladies was badly injured.



A Breath of Oxford.

A copy of the *Isis* reached me this morning, that cheery, clever little undergraduate paper to which, in my day, I was permitted to contribute. As I gaze at the familiar picture of the winding "High" on the cover, and roam through the familiar pages—including the fascinating advertisements of wonderful pipes, perfect toilet-saloons, strikingly handsome boots, alluring hotels in Switzerland, and the other luxuries that all undergraduates badly want and some of them manage to get—a great longing comes over me to spend another Summer Term in Oxford.

Oxford is only really Oxford in the Summer Term. All one's memories are of the Summer Term. All one's memories are of Oxford overhung with fresh green leaves and lilac-bushes, and the narrow, old streets alight with sweet, sunshine, and the scent of newly mown turf mingled with the fragrance of old-fashioned flowers, and straw hats with gay ribbons, and a pair of extremely comfortable old pumps, and flannels, and cool cider-cup, and "Canaders," and deck-chairs, and "smokers," and the theatre, and a sudden rush of highly respectable, muslin-clad sisters, and cousins, and aunts, and mothers.

Everything happened in the summer—at least, everything, as I say, that one remembers. In the winter, there was a great deal of tea-drinking, and pipe-smoking, and discussions on this and that. There was also a great deal of rain, and mud, and fog. The winter terms seemed jolly enough, but, actually, one lived only for the summer. Send your son to Oxford for one Summer Term, friend the reader, and let the rest of the "course" go hang.

A Staff of Three Thousand.

It is not surprising that journals such as the *Isis* and the *Granta* should keep up a continual flow of cleverness and high spirits. The Editor of the *Isis*, for example, has a constant public of three thousand undergraduates in residence. All these fellows have been educated up to the point, at any rate, of matriculating. All of them can string words together on paper. All of them are potential authors, more or less. Many of them are extremely clever. Any young man likes to see himself in print. Here, then, is a wonderful supply of fresh brains, fresh ideas, high spirits, and the overwhelming desire for expression. Small wonder that the *Isis* is seldom dull.

And yet I am always amazed at the brightness of its pages. The young gentleman who writes the leading article invariably astonishes me with the extent of his knowledge. He knows everything, he has read everything, he has been everywhere, he understands everything. He tilts at everybody. The London Press holds no secrets for him. Nothing deceives him. Listen, for a moment, how easily and authoritatively he talks about Art—

"And then there is Art. The age has its art. Here, again, the iconoclast. Some fools who write seem to think that realism is the same thing as reality; whereas it is only a kind of idealism. Other fools have hurt their brain by riding about in tubes and call themselves artists when they are not even good geometricians. All this is not art: it is *crise des nerfs*. Art has got something the matter with it. People talk about it, and people don't talk about a thing till there is something the matter with it."

The Editor.

So the gay fellow rattles on. You know, as you read, that he could rattle on like that all day. If his contributors suddenly went on strike, you feel that he could write the whole paper between lunch and tea-time. That is another huge advantage that the Editor of an undergraduate paper has over his London brother. No London Editor could write the whole of

his paper. The London Press has become so technical that an ordinary man cannot understand half of it, much less write it. But the Editor of an undergraduate journal knows everything about all the topics that interest his readers. Having knocked off a brilliant leader, he is on hand again with some sentimental verse, some humorous verse, and a column of "River Notes." He can stroll into the Union and cut the speakers to ribbons with a few notes on his cuff, and look in at the theatre ten minutes later to see whether the touring company of players will compare with the original company he saw in the same piece in town. Back to the office, where a pile of the latest books gives him less trouble to review than the munching of a sandwich. . . . Heigho! It must be a great and glorious thing to edit an undergraduate journal. Since I came down from Oxford, I have met several past Editors of the *Isis*, and they have seemed quite human and mortal. In earlier days, I once met an Editor of the *Isis* for about an hour. I kept a good two yards away from him, screamed at his lightest repartee, eyed him with reverent gaze from top to toe. Casually, and suddenly, he said a word in praise of some verses of mine that he had printed. My heart leapt. I dreamed, all that night, of wild wealth and deathless fame.

The Illustrations.

In my day, unless I am greatly mistaken, the *Isis* was not illustrated, save by a single cartoon. To-day, I find, there are illustrations throughout, thus proving that young Oxford, at any rate, is alongside the times. First of all, there is the drawing on the cover that I have already noted. Then we have a good-looking shoe, a handsome boot, and a magnificent riding-boot. The next picture shows a rowing Blue, with a megaphone in one hand and a pot of marmalade in the other. Next we come to a full-page drawing—quite a clever drawing—of a young man hanging head-downwards from the window of his digs, to make a caricature of a senior member of the University. Next we have the now prevalent young man and young woman, in bold outline, congratulating each other—doubtless with reason—on a similar taste in cigarettes. A gentleman in the clothes that he wears next his skin follows; he is evidently a shameless fellow, for he gazes serenely out upon the world, and has even added a pair of socks and a pair of pumps to his attire—presumably to heighten the general effect.

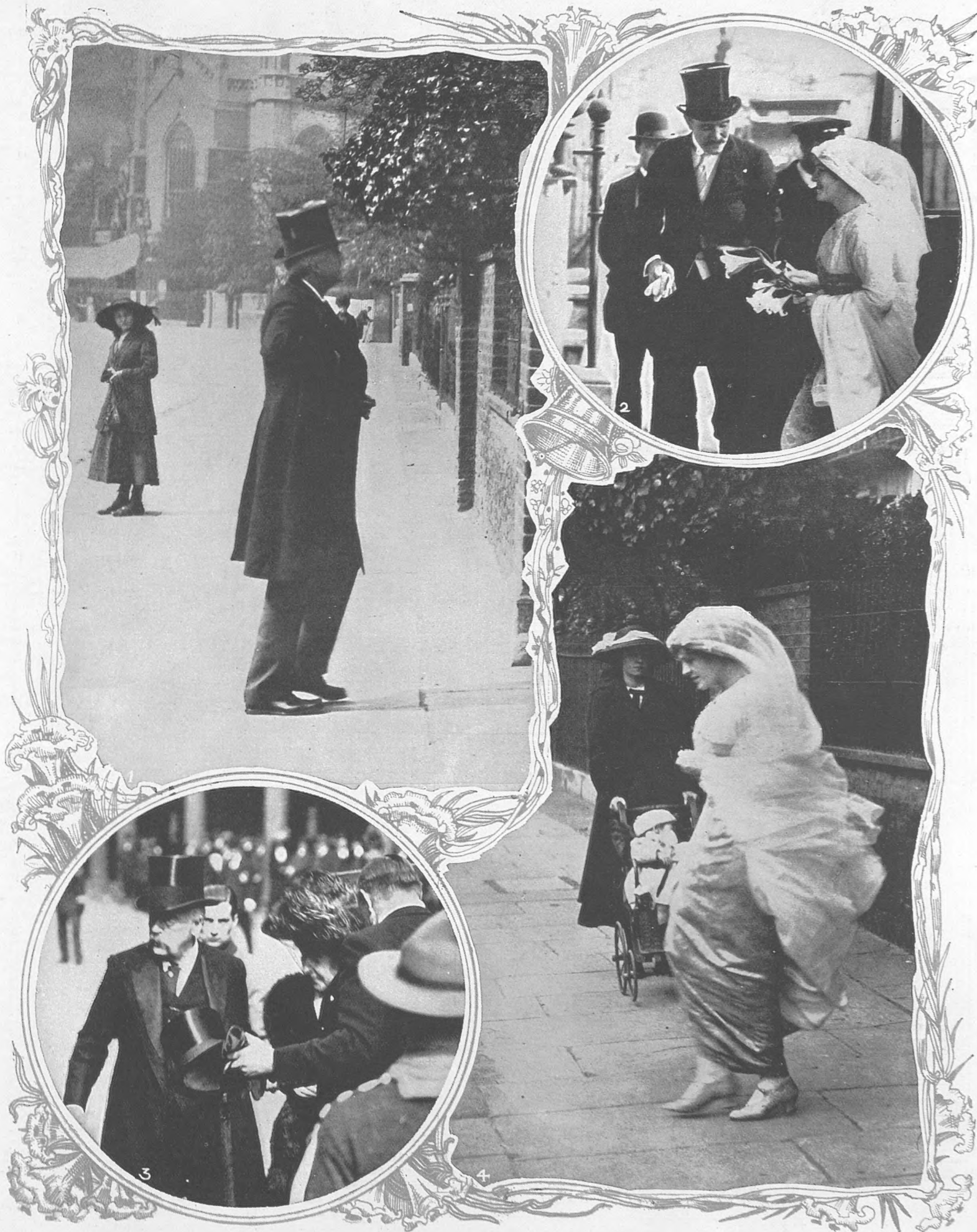
Beneath this bold one are two watches for the wrist; they positively plead to be worn. Then a comical drawing, in the old style, shows a Town and Gown row in the year 1354, and the list is completed by a stern-looking picture of the new President of the Union, a neat little steam-ship, and a banjo.

I have made this exhaustive list with the sole object of proving to the world that the young Oxford man of to-day is a doer, not a dreamer.

Up and At 'Em. "Rita" is not the person to sit down meekly when she fancies herself injured. She writes to a Sunday paper—I need hardly say that the letter is a strong one—objecting to interleaved advertisements in the sixpenny editions of her novels. "The readers of the book," she says, "find this a great annoyance, as the story is perpetually interrupted by placards and puffs of soaps and powders, and hair-growers, and quack medicines. This practice also gives a common, cheap tone to the book, extremely derogatory to both author and publisher."

What would my up-to-date undergraduate Editor say to that? I think he would say, "My dear Madam, there are three answers to your protest: (1) The publisher could not afford to issue a book at sixpence without the help of the advertiser; (2) Why should the purchaser of a mere sixpenny edition expect immunity from such small annoyances?; (3) Nobody can compel you to have your books published at sixpence." Would you not, Sir?

MR. BALFOUR GIVES AWAY: THE MILNE-BALFOUR WEDDING.



1. MR. BALFOUR ARRIVES AT THE BRIDE'S HOUSE.

2. THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM RETURNING FROM THE CHURCH.

3. PRINCESS LOUISE AND THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

4. THE BRIDE LEAVING HER HOUSE.

The wedding of Dr. Arthur Milne and Miss Alison Balfour, daughter of the late Colonel Eustace Balfour and of Lady Frances Balfour, took place in the Scottish Church, Crown Court, Covent Garden, last week. The bride arrived at the church with her uncle, Mr. A. J. Balfour, who gave her away. Amongst those who attended the wedding were Princess Louise and the Duke of Argyll, Mr. Asquith and Miss Violet Asquith, the Duchess of Northumberland, the Marquess and Marchioness of Salisbury, Lady Balfour of Burleigh, and Lord and Lady Robert Cecil. Lady Frances Balfour gave a reception at 4, Carlton Gardens.—[Photographs by Illustrations Bureau and L.N.A.]

WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



MR. I. ZANGWILL—FOR DENOUNCING THE "MONGREL AND BACKBONELESS CABINET," AND FOR HIS RHYME TO "McKENNA."



CAPTAIN F. E. GUEST, M.P.—FOR DECIDING TO IMPERSONATE THE MERRY MONARCH IN THE RESTORATION PAGEANT.



MR. ROBERT VANSITTART—FOR HAVING DISCOVERED A NEW AND PROMISING DRAMATIST—NAMELY, HIMSELF.



MR. AUBREY HERBERT, M.P.—FOR DECIDING TO IMPERSONATE JAMES II. (AS DUKE OF YORK) IN THE RESTORATION PAGEANT.



SIR CECIL SPRING RICE—FOR HIS EXTREME FRANKNESS IN CONFIDING TO AMERICAN JOURNALISTS THAT HE LIKED BASEBALL.



MR. WALTER RAPHAEL—FOR HIS SUCCESS IN WINNING THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS WITH HIS HORSE LOUVOIS.



THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND—FOR FORSWEARING TEA AND WINE AND BEING "ABSOLUTELY A VEGETARIAN."



THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE—FOR LETTING US KNOW HIS VIEWS ON THE "ARBITRAMENT OF THE SWORD."



SUPERINTENDENT QUIN—FOR TAKING THE SUFFRAGETTE CITADEL MORE PROMPTLY THAN SCUTARI OR ADRIANOPLE.



J. REIFF—FOR WINNING THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS ON A CHANCE MOUNT.



LORD TULLIBARDINE, M.P.—FOR SOARING TO THE CHAIR OF THE ROYAL AERO CLUB.



MRS. BELMONT—FOR REFUSING TO SPEND A CENT HERE, AND THEN STAYING AT THE RITZ.

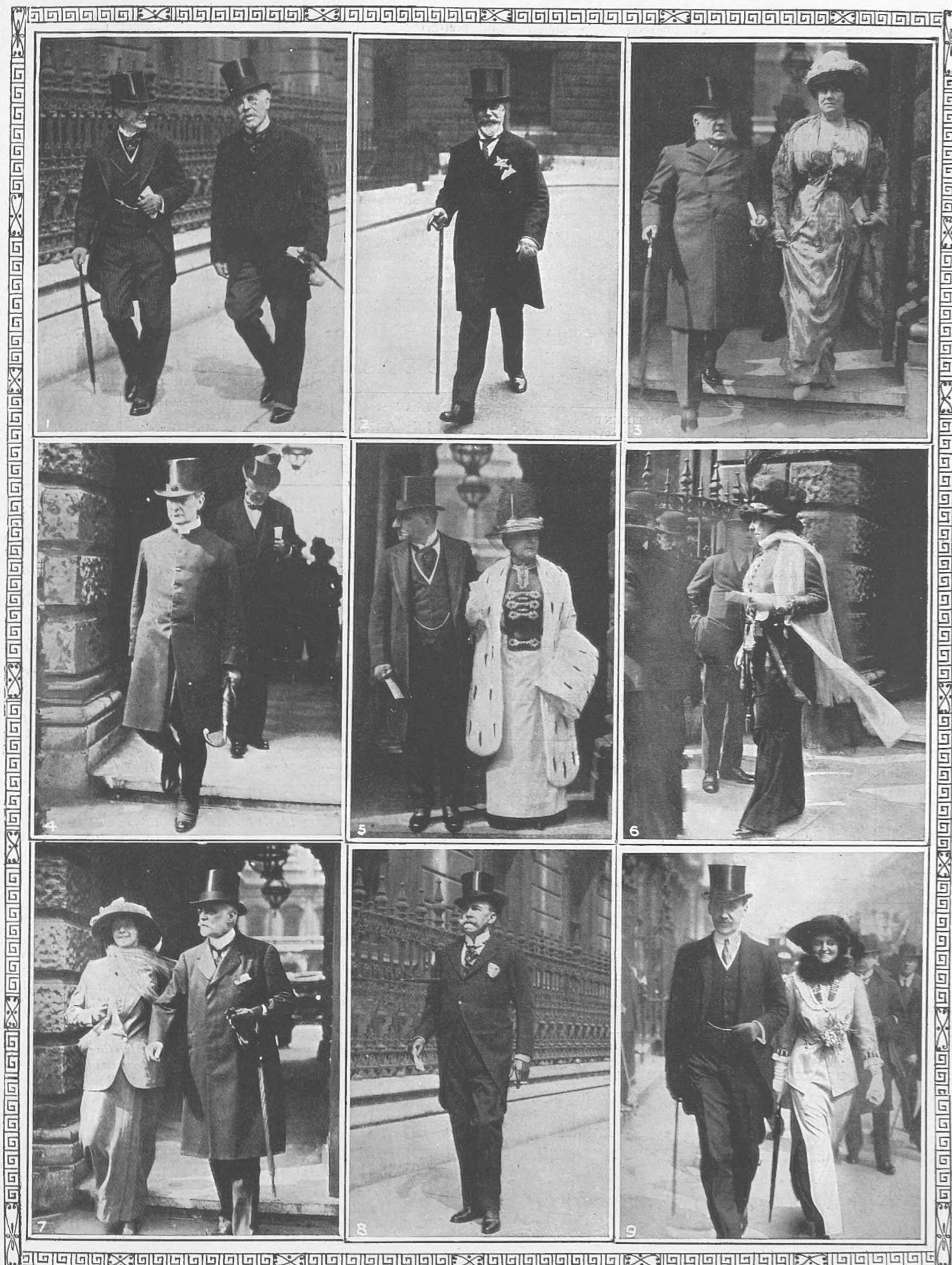


MR. J. HUNTLY MCCARTHY—BECAUSE MR. "PUNCH" TELLS US WE SHOULD DO SO.

"Punch" has paid "The Sketch" a much-appreciated compliment by alluding to the series to which this page belongs, and suggesting the inclusion in it of Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, "for having written a novel of 340 pages, and not a dull one among them, with only four characters in it." The novel in question is "Calling The Tune," and it could be well criticised, says "Punch," in its own opening words—"Gee! This is bully!"—At a meeting of protest against forcible feeding Mr. I. Zangwill spoke recently of "Mr. Asquith and his mongrel and backboneless Cabinet." "Must we all raise Gehenna," he asked, "to save the face of Asquith and McKenna?"—Several members of Parliament are to take part in the "Restoration Pageant" at the Royal Naval and Military Tournament on May 22. Captain F. E. Guest is to appear as Charles II., and Mr. Aubrey Herbert as the Duke of York, afterwards James II. Colonel Mark Sykes is one of the composers and producers.—Mr. Robert Vansittart's play, "The Cap and Bells," produced recently at the Little Theatre, has been very favourably received. He is a son of Captain Vansittart.—The American journalists could not get much change out of Sir Cecil Spring Rice, the new British Ambassador, on his arrival in New York. He declined to discuss the Panama Canal, the Fall of Scutari, or the Suffragettes. The only thing he would say was that he liked baseball.—The victory of Mr. W. Raphael's Louvois (J. Reiff up) in the Two Thousand Guineas was a great surprise, for his starting price had been 25 to 1, and neither his owner nor trainer had backed him for a shilling. Reiff would not have ridden Louvois had O'Neill been free.—At a newsboys' "social" in Nottingham the other day the Duchess of Portland said: "I never drink tea, I have never touched wine of any sort, and I am absolutely a vegetarian."—In a new book, "Germany in Arms," the Crown Prince says that diplomacy "can doubtless postpone a conflict for a time and sometimes prevent it. . . . But the sword will always remain the final argument."—Superintendent Quin did his work very thoroughly in taking the Suffragette citadel—the W.S.P.U. Offices in Kingsway. With a force of fifty plain-clothes detectives and two dozen men in blue, he occupied the position at 11 a.m. on April 30, and captured six of the leaders.—The Marquess of Tullibardine has been elected to succeed the late Sir Charles Rose as Chairman of the Royal Aero Club.—Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, of New York, mother of the Duchess of Marlborough, on arriving in England the other day, said that, in protest against our treatment of women, she would not spend a cent in this country. She put up at the Ritz.

Photographs by Swaine, Lafayette, Mendelssohn, Elliott and Fry, Sport and General, Lallie Charles, Bieber, Farrington Photo. Co., and Strathmore.

PRIVATE VIEWERS: VISITORS TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



1. MR. NORMAN FORBES AND SIR SQUIRE BANCROFT, THE WELL-KNOWN ACTORS.

4. ARCHDEACON SINCLAIR; NOW RECTOR OF SHERMANBURY, HENFIELD.

7. THE DUKE OF RUTLAND AND MISS TREE, DAUGHTER OF SIR HERBERT TREE.

2. MR. J. W. LOWTHER, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

5. SIR ARTHUR PINERO, THE FAMOUS DRAMATIST.

8. MR. BURDETT-COUTTS, M.P. FOR WESTMINSTER.

3. SIR EDWARD CLARKE, K.C., THE GREAT LAWYER.

6. LADY TREE, THE WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS.

9. LADY MARY DAWSON, DAUGHTER OF LORD DARTREY, AND THE HON. GEORGE CRICHTON, WHO ARE ENGAGED.

As is usual, Private View Day drew all Society to the Royal Academy.

Photographs by C.N., Newspaper Illustrations, G.P.U., and Topical.

GAIETY THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. George Edwardes.
EVERY EVENING at 8.15, Mr. George Edwardes' New Production, **THE GIRL ON THE FILM.** A Musical Farce. **MATINEE SATURDAYS** at 2.15. Box-office 10 to 10.

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AND SUNDAY,	LITTLEHAMPTON	14 0	7 9
MAY 9, 10, and	BOGNOR	15 0	8 3
11, AVAILABLE	HAYLING ISLAND	16 6	8 9
FOR RETURN	SOUTHSEA	17 6	9 6
ON MAY 11, 12,	PORTSMOUTH	19 0	9 6
13, and 14.	ISLE OF WIGHT	21 6	11 0
	SEAFOUR	14 0	7 9
	EASTBOURNE	14 0	8 0
	BEXHILL	14 0	8 0
	HASTINGS	14 0	8 0
	TUNBRIDGE WELLS	8 6	4 6

8 or 15 DAY EXCURSIONS from London every Friday to Brighton (6s. 6d.) Worthing (7s.), Seaford (7s.), Eastbourne (7s. 1.), Bexhill (7s. 6d.), Hastings (7s. 6d.), Littlehampton (7s.), Bognor (7s. 6d.). ALSO FOR 7 OR 14 DAYS, Saturday, May 10, to Hayling Island (8s.), Southsea and Portsmouth (8s.), and Isle of Wight (9s. 6d.).

THE USUAL DAY EXCURSIONS WILL BE RUN ON WHIT SUNDAY AND MONDAY.

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TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider Photographs of interesting Society people (snapshots or "Studio" portraits), beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

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PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

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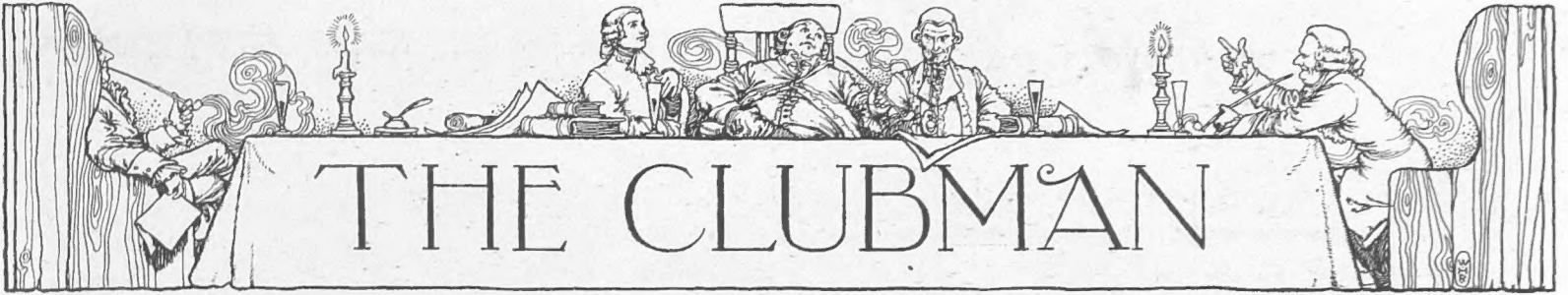
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ROYALTY IN UNIFORM: POLO IN AMERICA: GRAPE-JUICE FOR AMBASSADORS: GUN-RUNNERS TURN RIFLE-MAKERS.

The Guards Review.

Only twice during the last sixty years—so the King told the men on parade at the great review—has the Brigade of Guards been assembled together on parade; and never before, I believe, have so many battalions been brought together, for generally there are a battalion or two of Guards regiments in Egypt or Ireland. Queen Victoria's reviews of the Guards were held before the Irish Guards

had been raised. I fancy that the Parade of the Guards nearest in numbers to that of last week was the one before the late King Edward at Aldershot. King George wore the uniform of the senior regiment of the Brigade, the Grenadier Guards. This was a favourite uniform also with King Edward, who always referred to himself as a Grenadier Guardsman. But at the birthday Trooping of the Colour King Edward used often to puzzle non-military onlookers woefully by appearing in the uniform of the Honourable Artillery Company, which much resembles a Guards uniform. The Queen, in her costume of dark-blue and red piping, reproduced the Guards colours, but not quite so thoroughly as did Queen Victoria,



MRS. ANTHONY PRINSEP: MISS MARIE LÖHR.

Each of the illustrations on this page is a reproduction from a water-colour by Miss Elsie Burrell, who is holding an exhibition of her portrait-sketches at the St. George's Gallery, New Bond Street, from May 2 to 8 inclusive.

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whose uniform of scarlet coat and blue skirt is preserved amongst the treasures in Kensington Palace.

Good Luck to the Polo-Players.

The British polo-players who are to make an attempt to recover the International Polo Cup for Great Britain sail this week for America, and the stud of ponies which the Duke of Westminster has bought, or borrowed, for them, or which belong to them, has preceded them, in order that the animals may have recovered somewhat from the sea-voyage by the time the men arrive. Everything this time that can be done to give our men an equal chance has been done. The owners of all very first-class ponies have put them at the service of the team; the men are going out in plenty of time to become acclimatised to the lighter air of America, and the ponies also will have become used to the change in their fodder, and to galloping on dry American turf, which is not like the damp English turf. The games that have been played in England by the team before leaving were not intended to give the outside public any idea of the merits of the representative British team as compared with the teams brought against them, but they afforded the men an opportunity of working together, and of making the acquaintance of ponies they had not ridden before. The international games in America should be exceedingly close ones, and, with the reservation that I most devoutly hope that our team is the best one, I write—may the best team win!

Teetotal Feasting.

Mr. Bryan's teetotal feast to the Ambassadors at Washington has been much written about and much talked about, because Mr. Bryan himself attached so much importance to the absence of fermented drink from his hospitable board. He was doubtful in mind whether the thoroughness of his teetotal views might not be a hindrance to the proper discharge of his duties as Secretary of State, and he took the opinion of the President on this matter before he accepted his present post. Dr. Wilson himself, though he never drinks any alcohol, does not impose his opinions on his guests, and wine of all kinds is served at the White House feasts. In this Dr. Wilson follows the example of the most prominent English-speaking teetotaler that this generation has seen, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who, though he never touched alcohol himself, kept an admirable cellar of wine for his guests, his butler, to whose care the stocking of the cellar was confided, being an admirable judge of a good glass of wine. To the best of my memory, I have never tasted unfermented "grape-juice," which was the beverage Mr. Bryan offered his guests; but no sensible man would grumble at a good dinner and good company, even if he had to drink water, and nothing else, therewith.

An Afghan Rifle Factory.

The ungentle Afghan is just now attracting a good deal of attention in various quarters. "The Greatest Wish in the World" of every man in the debatable land between Afghanistan and India, and across the Afghan border, is to possess a really first-class rifle with which to kill his enemies. As Britons figure very largely in the list of the tribesmen's enemies, the Indian Government has taken of late years very stringent steps to prevent gun-running through Persia into Afghanistan. So successful have the preventive measures been that a private firm of Afghan rifle-makers has established itself in the Kohat Pass, one of the gates of Afghanistan, has imported workmen from the Punjab, and is turning out weapons which look just as good as Government rifles, and which are said to be admirably effective on short ranges and for a short time, though the barrels wear out soon, for they are made of inferior steel. One of the most troublesome of the border tribes has placed an order for two hundred rifles with this manufactory. It is perhaps as well that the Nagas are not in touch with the men of the Kohat Pass, for operations in the Naga country have revealed the fact that the tribesmen's guns, though they make a tremendous noise, are of very primitive manufacture. Their barrels are made of the tubular iron guard-rails used on bridges, and the civil engineers on this border now know why the rails of any bridge they put up so inevitably disappear.



MRS. GERALD DU MAURIER: MISS MURIEL BEAUMONT.

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WITH BELLS NEAR HER FINGERS AND RINGS



IN THE LIVING PICTURE OF THE GREAT ADVENTURE OF NUR-AL-DIN SEEN AS IN A DREAM

"Sumurun," which, it will be recalled, was so great a success at the London Coliseum, and was afterwards transferred to the Savoy, was revived S
successful tour through Germany

Photographs by Foulsham

ON HER TOES: SUMURUN'S SPANISH MAID.



Mlle. TORTOLA VALENCIA IN "SUMURUN," REVIVED AT THE LONDON COLISEUM ON MAY 5.

the London Coliseum on Monday last. Mlle. Valencia, the famous Spanish dancer, who is appearing as Sumurun's maid, has just completed a most Spain, and an engagement in Paris.

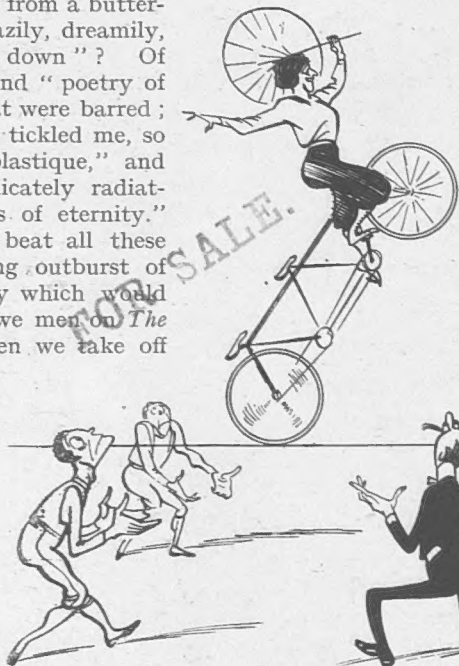
Banfield and Dover Street Studios.



PAVLOVA-WORSHIP IN TWO STYLES: SOBER DESCRIPTION OR "IRIDESCENT, ENAMELLED EULOGY."

Pavlova and Poetry.

After seeing Pavlova—again—I determined to give the readers of *The Sketch* a real treat, to let myself go, and show them what I can do in the way of pretty writing. The other fellows on the Press have been going it in this line splendidly. What do you think of "footsteps falling lighter than a feather from a butterfly's wing," or "drifting lazily, dreamily, like a snowflake eddying down"? Of course, "fairy footsteps" and "poetry of motion," and things like that were barred; "fluid architecture" rather tickled me, so did "rapturous effulgent plastique," and "tremulously quivering, delicately radiating footsteps on the sands of eternity." However, I determined to beat all these and indulge in a staggering outburst of iridescent, enamelled eulogy which would show the other critics that we men on *The Sketch* can really write when we take off our coats to it. The first idea was to start with a little rhymed invocation to "Terpsichore." Alas! she rhymes badly: "hickory" and "chicory" are not really useful to the poet, only to the rod or club maker and people with a queer economical taste in coffee. If you pronounce her in three syllables, as do the vulgar, and also the French, you merely get "gore," or "snore," or "shore," or "bore"—that's dangerous—or various other uninspiring rhymes, none of them at all applicable to the case in point. I gave up the invocation. Then, by a supreme effort of self-denial, I resolved to abandon the idea of a fancy prose idyll, and, instead, to talk in a straightforward, businesslike way, as if I had not earned money by writing a kind of poetry and a sort of music when I was young, and had never soared above a style suitable for "Bradshaw" and the "A B C," or drafting bye-laws for Urban District Councils.



THE HOLLOWAYS' WIRE ACT, AT THE PALACE.
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

Pavlova the Popular.

So now I come to the sober description. What a marvel she is! In the popular history of dancing the name of Pavlova will appear as that of the dancer of these days. There may be greater artists—there certainly is one, Isadora Duncan, whose work is on a far higher level—but none have given greater pleasure than the dainty, *svelte* Russian, with the mobile face and nicely turned limbs, who is at the same time a brilliant dancer and clever mime. No wonder that in Rubinstein's "Valse Caprice," which now takes the place of "Bacchanale," she fascinated the audience and turned the head of even a cold-blooded critic. I should like to take one of the old bucks who used to rave to me about the palmy days of the ballet, and talk by the hour of Cerito, Fanny Elssler, and Lucile Grahn and Taglioni, to see Pavlova, and convince him that she is as great as the "stars" of his time. But then those old bucks have now got the other foot in the grave, and are solving the mysteries of that puzzling "Dance of Death" which figures so much in mediæval literature and art. And, after all, they would not have been convinced—such are the deceptions of memory: it is to be hoped that really good cinematograph records are being kept of Pavlova, so that the future may have that fairly accurate means of forming opinions which we lack in

the case of the famous opera-dancers. Of course, Pavlova gave us a great deal more than the quite delightful "Valse Caprice." I was not carried away by the "Dance Espagnole," which was not quite the real liquorice, but a rather "balletified" version of Iberian dancing, very pretty, very graceful, most skilfully executed, but exactly missing the distinctive colour which has delighted us in some of the great Spaniards who have come over here. Incidentally, I ought to mention that, in part of the Pavlova programme we had a minuet to Paderewski's delicate music, danced very finely by Mlle. Plaskowiczka and Mr. Kobelew.

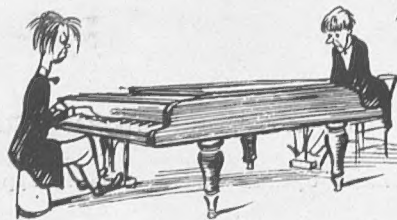
The Esoteric Ballet.

Novikoff gravely danced

The most important item is called "Les Préludes de Liszt," in which Pavlova and Novikoff danced to the music of one of the symphonic poems in a very strange kind of forest scene, which doubtless had a great deal of symbolic meaning. The quite fascinating music, which was finely performed by Mr. Herman Finck and his orchestra, lent itself astonishingly to dancing, whilst I have read that the ballet cast illuminating light upon the esoteric meaning of Liszt's musical interpretation of the "Meditations" of Lamartine. I have a longing to cross-examine people who write that kind of thing, and a profound conviction that it is insincere. I daresay the modern ballet-master believes in it: he, indeed, would

design you a dance with pleasure to illustrate the binomial theorem, or bi-metallism, but we need not worry about that sort of thing. Enough for us that Pavlova and Novikoff did some very graceful posturing and pretty dancing, and gave clever exhibitions of love, terror, and rapture; and it was all deliciously mysterious; and when there came an invasion of bogies—I suppose I ought to call them "powers of darkness"—there was quite a dramatic thrill. What does it matter, then, whether we really understood what was going on? I admit that it was all Russian to me, but I loved the music, and the dancing and miming fitted it very well; and, after all, it may be that the greatest pleasures are the least understood. Moreover, there is no rag-time—I should like to have that printed in capital letters. Pavlova is a great artist and a most fascinating creature—so fascinating that I have been pronouncing, probably mispronouncing, her name in such a fashion that Mrs. "Monocle" has begun to frown, and it is a blessing that I have come to the end of the column.

E. F. S.
(MONOCLE.)



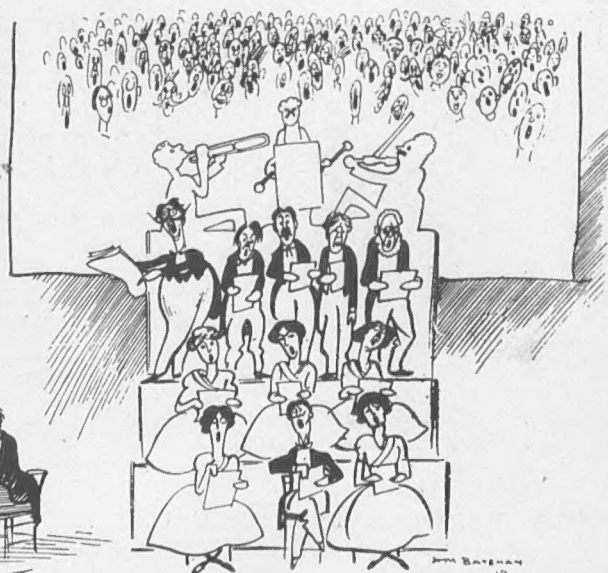
"NICELY THANKS," AT THE PALACE.
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



MISS NINA GORDON, AT THE PALACE.
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



CONROY AND LEMAIRE, AT THE PALACE.
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: PAVLOVA AT THE PALACE

FOR SALE.



MME. PAVLOVA AND SUPPORT: BATEMAN CARICATURES OF THE FAMOUS DANCER AND COMPANY.

Mme. Pavlova is delighting huge audiences at the Palace and has lost nothing of her undeniable beauty, charm, and skill, our caricaturist notwithstanding.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A.

"SARGENT first, the rest nowhere," was the view, judiciously expressed out of earshot of his fellows, of an Academician on varnishing day. It is what the critic has felt each spring for the last fifteen years or more. The fact that an R.A. has now arrived at the same opinion should not make one hastily change about. Sargent's pictures are again the pictures of the year. Once more he is the man of the week; and another Private View was spent in admiring the canvases, and looking for the man.

The Elusive Lion. Mr. Sargent goes to the Private View; he is seen for a moment. There is the glimpse of him making apologies to the three Duchesses; and then he is gone. It is somewhere written of the ostrich: "Is it not odd that the bird that makes the heads of women conspicuous should hide its own head in the sand?" Mr. Sargent does not hide—he dodges. Being the most direct of painters, the one artist who creates vital men and women, he is himself the most evasive of men, nowhere to be found among the living. The three Duchesses, having waited in ambush in the first room, win a few words from him, but cannot keep him. He escapes from the crowd at Burlington House much as he has escaped from the crowd which would, if it were any use, besiege the studio in Tite Street. He runs away from both. There is a portrait, it is true, in the new Academy; but it does not mean that Mr. Sargent has returned to portraiture. The young woman of Gallery I. is a cousin, not a commission.

A Non-Combatant.

"Johnny Sargent, a pugnacious little fellow" (one of Mrs. Hugh Fraser's Florentine memories) is the first glimpse we have of him. Mrs. Fraser was obliged to frustrate an attack upon another little boy, but that was about fifty years ago. Mr. Sargent was born in Florence, and in early times may have waged ordinary wars; but since then he has rushed at nothing save his canvas. Whistlerian battles of words have no charm for him. One or two disputes are associated with his name; but he himself has never done the disputing. While the portrait of Mme. Gauthereau was the subject of violent discussion, the only thing he said was that he would keep it. That was his method of silencing a hubbub hateful to him. The lady's admirable white shoulders were not hidden; seen in his studio to-day, they make one marvel at the old view of their indiscretion and of Mr. Sargent.

The Sargent Myth and the Christian Martyr.

His best friends have been mistaken. "All this is touched in lovely, but, of course, it looks dam queer as a whole," wrote Stevenson when he saw the portrait of himself and Mrs. R. L. S. "It is," he continues, "excellent; but too eccentric to be exhibited." "Of course, it looks dam queer"—but not to Mr. Sargent, nor to the present generation. He never had illusions about his work; it never looked eccentric to him, nor does it look

eccentric to any baby, in 1913. Another astonishing myth was the idea that Sargent caricatured his sitters. People pretended to be frightened; but they sat, nevertheless. "It's like going to confession," said one woman, and went. "I am a Christian and offer the other cheek," said another, when he had finished a profile—as if he had slapped her. Mrs. Edith Wharton's splendid story of "The Portrait" was written round the notion that Sargent probed his sitter's weaknesses and exposed them. As a matter of fact, he seldom cares to get at the heart of things, whether innocent or corrupt; he is too interested in exteriors. And when exteriors cease to interest him, he ceases to paint portraits.

The Academician, M.D.

Sometimes his sitters were in a sense his patients. There is the story of the American woman whose illness mystified her Californian doctors. She grew worse, and New York specialists were cabled for. On their arrival, they were shown into a room where Sargent's portrait of the lady was hanging. "I know her disease, it is mortal," said one of them, glancing at the portrait. She died of it within a month.

"Outside Only." But even there Sargent was dealing with externals. The peculiar carriage of his sitter, a certain nervous disposition of her limbs, proved, to the specialist, as good as a diagnosis. The disease, or the heart, that is worn on the sleeve comes under Sargent's notice. He is the master of superficialities: the diamonds of Lady Faudel Phillips, the bravado of Miss Wertheimer's eyebrows, the extra puff of powder that most women put on before passing under his scrutiny. And all the while he is the least superficial of men. His taste is law among his friends, and his friends are chosen as rigorously as his Venetian frames, his books, his piano, his route, his words. In all things he is fastidious, not to a fault, but to the point (if beauty counts for anything) of saintliness. He travels the exquisite by-path ways of Italy; he knows what music is; he ponders the meaning of words as industriously as

his friend Mr. Henry James, but with a different result—he never wastes them. And he is, withal, the most generous of critics.

Sargent Buys Sargent.

We think of Mr. Sargent as pre-eminent. He, on the other hand, is always discovering talent equal to his own. There is a young woman now working, or refusing to work, in London whose drawings he declares to be infinitely better than his own; while of Signor Mancini's paintings he says much the same. He does not ask for admiration in return. When he painted his Italian friend he inscribed the canvas, "À l'ami Mancini," and gave it him. Not long after, Mancini, on leaving an hotel, found himself without much cash for tips. "Take that," he said to the chambermaid, pointing to the portrait. She learned who it was by, and carried it to Mr. Sargent, who bought it from her, as he said, "out of admiration and respect for the sitter."



MR. JOHN SINGER SARGENT, R.A.

Mr. John Sargent was born in Florence in 1856, son of a physician of Boston, U.S.A. He was educated in Italy and Germany, and studied under Carolus Duran. In 1879 he first exhibited in the Paris Salon, and since then, of course, he has exhibited regularly at the Salon and the Royal Academy. He became A.R.A. in 1894; and Academician three years later.—[Photograph by Purdy.]

PROBLEMS AT THE R.A.: QUERY PICTURES OF THE YEAR.

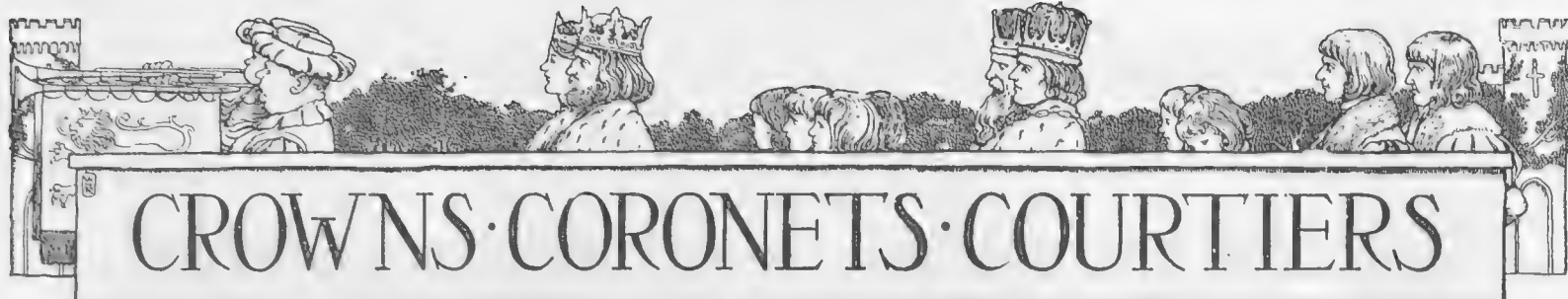


1. "ERE THE FLEETING HOURS GO BY, QUICK, THY TABLETS, MEMORY!"
BY S. MELTON FISHER.
3. "THE CHOICE." BY I. L. GLOAG.

2. "WHY NOT?" BY GABRIEL NICOLET.
4. "A FALLEN IDOL." BY THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.

There are not a great number of paintings at the Royal Academy this year which may be called Problem Pictures. Here are four of them.

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CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE dinners honoured by the King and Queen come in quick succession. With the unfailing good fortune that always governs such events, Lord Rosebery, Lord and Lady Granard, and Lord and Lady Farquhar each entertained their Majesties on exactly the right night. There can be no clashing of dates. The evenings chosen are always agreeable to the King for the simple reason that they are chosen by the King; and so, in a sense, are the guests. At any rate, the list is submitted to Buckingham Palace before a royal dinner-party, whether it takes place in Halkin Street or Grosvenor Square. The thing is, of course, nothing more than a formality. The hostess upon whose list the blue pencil was really used would feel that she had failed in her ambitions, and subside. But the arrangement of dates is no formality. In that matter the King and Queen do really "invite themselves."

Hosts and Guests. When he entertains the King and Queen, Lord Rosebery has the pleasure of spreading his gold plate and proving the exceptional wealth of his cellar. But when he has seen to his table and explored the catacombs of Cuvier, that are said to run under half the square in the direction

found them absorbed in a lively problem: which would they choose if they had to marry—Gladstone or Disraeli? All elected Disraeli, save one, who was frowned upon by the company until she explained: "Gladstone, so that I might elope with Dizzy and break Gladstone's heart." Dizzy himself helped to explain one feminine hostility toward the G.O.M. when he said, "Gladstone treats the Queen like a public department—I treat her like a woman."

A Victorian Memory. Mr. Nigel Legge receives many royal congratulations on his engagement to Lady Victoria Carrington. Both she and he are well known at Court; and his parents won many of Queen Victoria's never-to-be-counted-on smiles. As a Maid-of-Honour before her marriage, Lady Legge made some of the few jokes that proved acceptable at Windsor in those days. It was she who, after dancing before her royal mistress, was asked what she would like as a reward. "The head of Mr. — in a charger," she replied, mentioning a Liberal statesman. She did not get it, but—neither did she get a scolding.

Mr. Balfour as Bookman. Mr. Balfour's absences from the House are usually put down to golf or to the gout that so often



THE WEDDING OF LORD HEMPHILL AND THE HON. MAY HAMILTON: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVING ST. PETER'S, EATON SQUARE, AFTER THE CEREMONY.

Lord Hemphill, who was born on March 13, 1853, was called to the Bar in 1877. In 1906 he took silk. For some time he was Crown Prosecutor for County Wicklow. Lady Hemphill, who is the second daughter of the ninth Baron Belhaven, was born in 1879.

Photograph by C.N.

of Gunter's, nearly everything else is left to the royal guests.

The menu itself is generally scrutinised by the powers that reign in the underworld of the Palace; the King leads the talk, and the Queen decides the moment of the ladies' withdrawing. Lord Rosebery admittedly makes an admirable host, but, more important still in his opinion, the King and Queen make admirable guests—for that is the word still in vogue for those who do nearly all the work of entertaining.

"Like a Woman."

Lady Legge's jest is not the only one which illustrates the attitude of old at Windsor. A Lord-in-Waiting, sent by Queen Victoria in search of a Fellow of the Royal Society, had to track him from the Society's headquarters to a supper of Gaiety girls; and

attacks Members in pairs during a tedious debate. But of late he has played truant for graver causes; he is preparing for the Press a work on political economy, a continuation and in part a correction of a former volume. There is nothing Mr. Balfour takes so seriously as his written word. He goes further than most authors in conscientiousness. Having rewritten certain portions of his "The Criticism of Beauty," he made known through his publishers, but not exactly on their advice, that any purchaser of the first edition who returned his copy

would receive the revised version for nothing. The methods of the Member for the City are not, according to City standards, exactly pushing—unless, of course, the first edition had risen to a premium!



AUTHOR OF THE NEWLY PUBLISHED NOVEL, "THE WHITE WITCH": MISS MERIEL BUCHANAN, DAUGHTER OF THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO ST. PETERSBURG.

Miss Buchanan is the only child of Sir George Buchanan, who has been British Ambassador to St. Petersburg since 1910. Her mother is the sister of Earl Bathurst.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



INTERESTED IN A "MILLIONAIRE'S WILL" CASE: LADY SACKVILLE.

Lady Sackville, of Knole Park, Sevenoaks, is, of course, much interested in the pending action Capron versus Scott and others (Sackville and another cited). The case in question concerns the will and codicils of the late Sir John Edward Arthur Murray Scott, Bt., and it will be remembered that a reward of £10,000 was offered for a supposed missing codicil. Lady Sackville, whose marriage took place in 1890, was known before that as Miss Victoria Sackville-West. She is a cousin of her husband—the third Baron.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.



PLAINTIFF IN A RECENT LAW CASE: BARONESS BURTON.

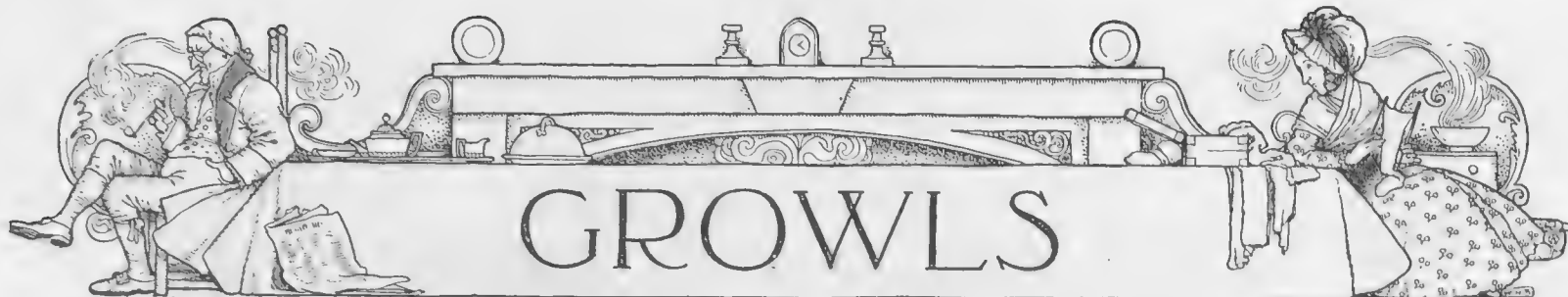
Baroness Burton, of South Audley Street, W., brought an action the other day against an omnibus company as a sequel to a collision between her motor-car and a motor-omnibus. In the course of the trial, she complained that injury to her right wrist compelled her to give up playing lawn-tennis, and that she had not been able to resume hunting until Christmas. The jury found that the accident was unavoidable, and that no negligence had been proved by either party. Lady Burton, a Baroness in her own right, married Colonel James Evan Bruce Baillie, formerly M.P. for Inverness-shire, in 1894.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

CHAPERON, "WIFE," AND PECCANT M.P.: AT THE STRAND.



MISS ETHEL DANE AS ROSAMOND GAYTHORNE, MR. CYRIL KEIGHTLEY AS HILARY CHESTER,
AND MR. E. DAGNALL AS CHRISTOPHER POTTINGER, M.P., IN "THE CHAPERON."

The manager of the restaurant favoured by Christopher Pottinger, M.P., has a brilliant scheme for the benefit of such gentlemen when they wish to dine in public with ladies not their wives, and yet avoid scandal. He provides a young man, whom he calls his chaperon, whose duty it is to pretend to be the lady's husband, and thus convey the idea to the prying that the respectable public man is merely dining as the guest of, say, Mr. and Mrs. Jones. The real chaperon having in the course of his duties eaten over many meals, Hilary Chester, attracted by the lady in the case, takes his place. Needless to say—for the play is farce—the M.P.'s wife turns up in the restaurant, with the result that the chaperon and the lady are introduced as man and wife. An invitation to Pottinger's country house is another sequel; and then, of course, various complications ensue, chiefly by reason of the fact that, the motor-car which is coming for the pair having broken down, it is insisted that the so-called Mr. and Mrs. Jones shall stay the night.—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.]



THE TEMPTATION OF THE TAX: AN UNWARRANTABLE STRAIN.

AS happens once in the course of each recurring year, there is lying on the table before me at the time of writing a piece of paper which annually occasions me a considerable amount of perturbation and chagrin. It is of an uncompromising kind of khaki in colouring, and it is headed by a noticeably ineffective representation of the Royal Coat of Arms. With no preliminary circumlocution it informs me that, pursuant to certain Acts of Parliament, I am required to prepare a true and accurate statement of my income, and to deliver it duly signed within twenty-one days. Then follow pages and pages of matter which pass the wit of man to fathom; the only point which is made perfectly plain being an intimation to the effect that the penalty for neglecting to make a return, or for making an untrue or incorrect return, is £20, or treble the duty chargeable, if sued for before the District Commissioners, or £50 if sued for in any of his Majesty's Courts. I have searched in vain through its length and breadth for a glimmer of humour or a sign of lightness of touch, and the only indication I can discover of anything approaching to such redeeming virtue is an announcement that a penalty not exceeding £5 will be imposed for neglecting to make a return, even though the person proceeded against may prove that he is not chargeable with income tax. But the humour here

is of so grim an order that it can hardly be regarded as humour at all; in any case, it does little to brighten the communication as a whole, or to remove the disagreeable impression it leaves upon the mind. I may add that, so far as literary style is concerned, the paper leaves much to be desired, and that, looked at generally from an artistic point of view, it is quite beneath contempt.

My Objection to It.

Now it may safely be taken from me that I am in no way unwilling to contribute to the upkeep of my country. I may not be completely satisfied with every one of the arrangements made for its governance, and, in particular, I am apt to become heated while the question of the working of the telephone system is under discussion; but, taken as a whole, things might, I think, conceivably be worse, and I am perfectly prepared to pay my whack. I have no desire to paint my lot in life in unduly gloomy colours, but I may remark that such contribution as I am called upon to make from my annual takings does not amount to a sum which could appreciably assist a scheme for the reduction of the National Debt; but such as it is, the Motherland is quite welcome to it, and so far as the actual-stumping up is concerned, I accede without a murmur. But

what has a provocative influence upon my dander is the form in which the demand is made, together with the form upon which it is printed. Why, I ask in my wounded pride, should it be taken for granted that in me there is a potential shirker of responsibilities?—and why should I be required to wade through a rigmarole which is far outside the compass of my comprehension? Twenty days is all that is allowed me for the elucidation of what I could not master in twenty-one years, and at the conclusion of my calculations I am left with the hideous foreboding that I have inadvertently rendered myself liable to the pains and penalties of the law. The knowledge imparted in one of the paragraphs that if I wrongfully make a claim for allowance, reduction, rebate, or repayment, I may have to undergo six months' hard labour, makes my blood run cold when I reflect in how abysmal a state of incoherency of thought I am plunged.

And Further.

Again, there is the temptation to which I am thus officially exposed. The general tendency of my character is not to indulge in petty acts of dishonesty and meanness. My better nature has a knack of prompting me to do the right thing in each emergency that confronts me; but once a year the opportunity is forced upon me of doing with a stroke of the pen a thing which, while repellent to my principles, would be profitable to my pocket. It

is indeed hard on a none too affluent person to be put to such a soul-searching test. He must know little of life if he is not aware that, contemporaneously with his cudgelling of his brains in order to do righteously what is asked of him, one infinitely more richly endowed with this world's goods is assiduously and successfully working out a scheme for the defrauding of his native land and concocting a return which is as inaccurate as it is ingenious. Then comes the demon and whispers in his ear that it is an absurdly simple matter to falsify the figures, that the danger of discovery is remote, and that Britannia will never miss the money; and it demands a heap of moral courage to put the tempter behind him, however exiguous be the amount he feels he should set down. I would not take upon myself for one moment to maintain that an institution such as the income-tax could possibly be conducted on lines which would afford me undiluted satisfaction, but I hold that, as a tax-payer without guile, I am entitled to ask that the demand shall be printed upon paper of a less unattractive tint and texture, and that it shall be couched in such uncomplicated lingo as will not conduce to lure into the perilous paths of prevarication one who, after all, is only human.

MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.



WITH THE AUTHOR OF THE PLAY ON A PLATFORM SET OVER THE ORCHESTRA: A REHEARSAL OF "STRIFE" DIRECTED, AT THE COMEDY, BY MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY.

Seated at the head of the table is seen Mr. Norman McKinnel. On his left Mr. O. B. Clarence is standing. On the right of the table, looking at the photograph and reading from the back to the front, are Mr. Charles Kenyon, Mr. Kenneth Douglas, and Mr. Luigi Lablache. At Mr. McKinnel's right hand, at the table, is Mr. Athol Stewart. The photograph illustrates a rehearsal of the board-meeting scene.

Photograph by L.N.A.

PEOPLE TO WHOM WE HOPE WE ARE ALTOGETHER SUPERIOR!



XII.—THE MAN WHO ONLY BELIEVES IN GHOSTS AT NIGHT.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

FIVE O'CLOCK FRIVOLITIES

PEGASUS IN STALL: NECTAR AND AMBROSIA AT THE CAFÉ MONICO.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

ON Friday-night, the 25th of April, I added to my collection a new sensation. Are you collectors, amiable readers? Pictures? Stamps? Postcards? Medals? China? Tulips?

Roses? *Not* cigar-bands, I hope! All these are all very well in their way, but there is a sameness about them. The most thrilling of collections is a collection of emotions. You can vary it endlessly and add to it with every new day. The rarest stamp leaves me cold—the profile on it is so seldom Greek! Collecting objects teaches you nothing of any value. You may learn history and geography through it—and also, at your expense, how perfect has become the art of imitation!—but it does not show you the depth and breadth and length of life: sensation-hunting does. On Friday night I learned, because I felt, that one can be afraid where there is no danger. On Friday night I learnt the meaning of stage-fright. In front of three dozen or so of poets, I had to stand and deliver poetry. I had not to improvise, not even to recite by heart—merely to read it aloud from a book; but I am certain that Daniel in the lions' den could not have felt more terrorised than I at the Poets' Club dinner. Like the lions, had dined; also, though terrifying manes (long hair is worn no longer), and they did not roar, but clapped.

The Holy History does not record whether Daniel was brave because he expected the intervention of an angel—they usually did in those years of grace. I did not—and when I clutched at Raphael's hand under the table-cloth, it was not that I was mistaking him for an angel ("What's in a name?"), but that I was in a blue funk. It would have done me a great deal of good if he had felt nervous too; but he, lucky creature, is used to talk in public, while I am so cowardly that I never did anything more daring than to try and tickle people with a goose-quill at a safe distance; but never did I utter such passionate love-words at so many at a time—quite embarrassing.

A good number of you, amiable readers, were there that evening; but you who were not, would it interest you if I were to tell you how the evening "passed itself," as we say in French? Well, then, last time I shook hands in Paris with Percival, alias J. N. Raphael, he said, "*Au revoir* in London," and I shrugged sceptically and said, "Oh, *oui*, on the 36th of next month"—which is French for the Never-Never Day. And Percival answered, "No, the 26th." It was the 25th in reality, but a poet is not a curate, and for ever ignores

the calendar. (Two c's in accurate, are there? Never could spell in English!)

And, in sooth, my good comrade and I met the other day on Mount Parnassus (very catchy is lyricism), which is also pronounced the Café Monico, and there shared the nectar and ambrosia with those amplifying people for whom the wind is "wi-ind"—that is to say, a gale, a sirocco, an autumnal shriek of Æolus. Wi-ind—brrrr! How do they bear it, those now shorn lambs?

I would very much like being made love to by a poet, just to be called "Beloved!" The *ved* is what I long to hear—a *ved* vibrating like the deep chord of a harp. And my feet would also very much like to be "winged," chiefly on a rainy April day in my country lanes!

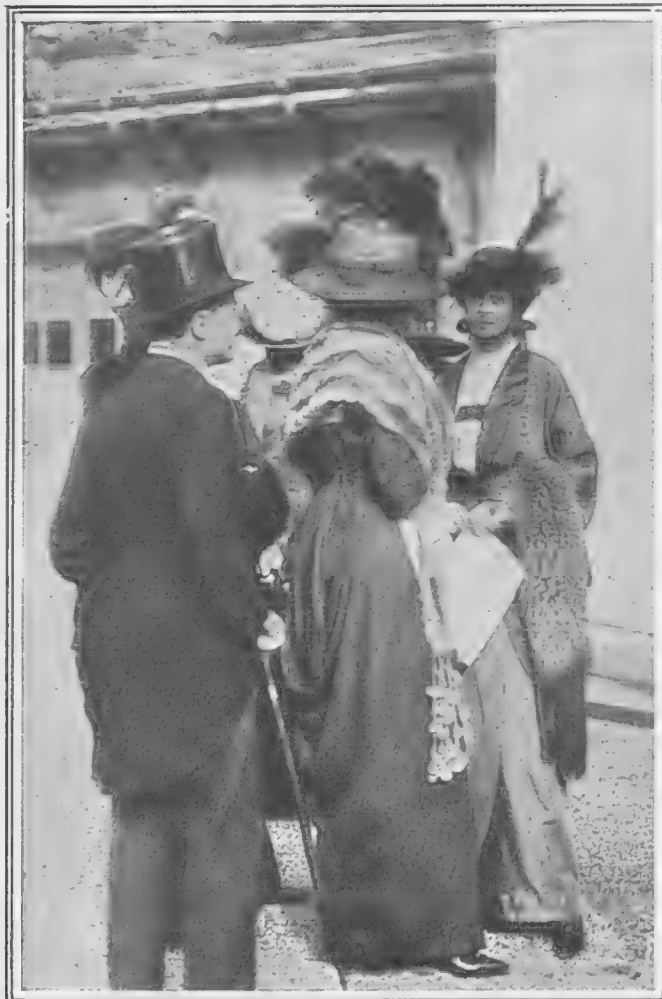
The dinner was very good, and Raphael's chat on French poetry excellent; only I could not eat the one nor taste the other, because my throat was as if in a grip (there are grips and grips—I meant the grip of someone whose hands you don't like!), and sea-shells, full of empty echoes—stage-fright. On my right was a charming Frenchman, Monsieur Leyssac, who had come over on purpose from Paris to recite other people's verses, and his own delightful translation from Hans Andersen's dainty "Princess and the Pea." He whispered charitably, "I am in a funk, too," which was very kind of him, as it bucked me up immensely, as he had meant it to. When we all had finished lecturing, reciting, reading, and arguing, the—what do you call him?—the juryman, the referee, the umpire?—you know—the gentleman who sits in the middle, in the largest chair, and has always the last word—well, that gentleman said very nice things about Mr. Raphael, and M. Leyssac, and me, also about *The Sketch*. "We always want," said he, "to know in the flesh writers that we like in print, and often we are sadly disappointed when we do know them; but now that Madame Trolly-Curtin stands revealed, we will read with pleasure whatever she writes."

Do you think it was meant kindly, amiable readers, or that it meant that my bodice was very short? Also that I, having shared the salt of hospitality with him and the other poets, they would in future forgive me anything I might commit with pen and ink?

Revealed—eh, what! I must consult the dressmaker about that *décolletage*!



ON THE CONTINENT: LADY BUTLER AND VISCOUNTESS CURZON.



ON THE CONTINENT: THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

THE END OF SUSPENSE.

FOR SALE



HE (*about to depart after rejection*): This, then, is your final decision?

SHE (*firmly*): It is.

HE: Then I shall post those satin braces to you; or will you have them now?

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



THE SECRET OF MEYERLING, AND OTHER MATTERS.*

The Secret of Meyerling.

The Secret of Meyerling, the mystery of the deaths of the Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria and the Baroness Mary Vetsera, is doubtless the chief point of the Countess Marie Larisch's "Past." It, above everything else, will attract unusual attention to the book. Yet, though dramatic enough, it is, after all, a somewhat sordid episode. By this time many will have dealt with it at length: therefore, we shall but refer to it and then pass to other matters, concerns of less historical value, perhaps, yet, we think, more arresting to the general. Let us touch the fringe of the story, lift the veil a little. For the full disclosure, the Memoirs under review may be consulted with much profit. Be it noted, then, that the Countess believes that the unfortunate Crown Prince, who had taken the Baroness to

the hunting-box near Vienna, shot himself; and that the Baroness was shot by him, or shot herself. In the dead man's hand was a revolver. Why this tragedy? It is difficult to say. Seemingly the Baroness Mary was complacent. Three weeks after her terrible death, the Countess received her friend's last letter to her—through the agency of the police. It read: "Dear Marie,—Forgive me all the trouble I have caused. I thank you so much for everything you have done for me. If life becomes hard for you—and I fear it will after what we have done—follow us. It is the best thing you can do.—Your Mary." As to the Crown Prince's position, the Countess tells of a mysterious box entrusted to her by him, with the injunction that after his death she must give it up only to one asking for it with the pass letters "R.I.U.O." This she did, and she affirms that it had connection with affairs political. "Don't regret Rudolph," said the messenger, she writes; "if the Emperor had found these papers, matters would have been infinitely worse. The Crown Prince has killed himself, but if the Emperor had known all, it would have been his



THE LATE CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH OF AUSTRIA.

Reproduced from Countess Marie Larisch's "My Past," by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. Eveleigh Nash.

duty to have had him tried by military law, and shot as a traitor." "Oh, my God!" I cried. "What did he do? . . . Was he thinking of the Crown of Hungary?" The reply was a nod of assent.

A King's Dinner-Party of Ghosts.

Come now to things less sombre; but first to one both curious and sad—the ghostly dinner-parties Ludwig II. of Bavaria, Wagner's patron, gave in the Galerie des Glaces at Herrénchiemsee, and described by himself to one who repeats his story thus: "The dinner-table . . . was laid for thirteen guests, and at five minutes before midnight King Ludwig entered the room to await their arrival. When the clock struck twelve, the great doors were flung open, and the Groom of the Chambers announced—Queen Marie Antoinette. Ludwig came forward to receive her, and what did he see? A beautiful woman dressed in delicate satin, her powdered hair entwined with pearls and roses, and round her neck a thin blood-red line; for the King imagined that, at his bidding, the Queen's spirit resumed the earthly aspect which she wore during the gorgeous days

at Versailles, together with the cruel mark of the guillotine." And so came the wraiths of Louis XIV., Mary Queen of Scots, Catherine the Great—with Wolfram von Eschenbach, Julius Caesar, Alexander the Great, the Emperor Constantine, Hamlet, Diogenes, Barbarossa, a monk, and the Spirit of the Mountains—"She was as fair as the dawn . . . and her eyes were the deep blue of the quiet lakes. From beneath a crown of icicles her long fair hair fell over her white shoulders, and her transparent draperies were adorned with flowers and moss." Dinner was served; the great dead were toasted by the King and, at one, disappeared.

An Empress as Beauty Specialist.

Of the Empress Elizabeth the Countess has, of course, a great deal to say, especially of her care for her good looks. She writes, for instance: "Although the sunlight heightened Elizabeth's beauty, she was afraid of its effects, and always wore a curious blue shade fixed on her hat as a protection from sunburn and freckles, and in the evening she invariably carried a fan to shield her face." Again: "Her habit fitted her tightly, and she was always sewn into it every time she rode. By this I mean that, once the bodice was on, her tailor sewed the skirt to it." And again: "I thoroughly enjoyed my long rides with the Empress, who sometimes took a fancy to dress as a boy, and naturally I had to follow her example; but I remember how ashamed I felt when I first realised how I looked in breeches. Elizabeth imagined that this mad whim was not generally known at Gödöllő, but it was much commented upon, although I believe Francis-Joseph never discovered what was everybody's secret." Once more: "Elizabeth was not a believer in any special face-treatment. Sometimes she only used a simple toilet-cream; occasionally at night she wore a kind of mask 'lined' inside with raw veal; and in the strawberry season she smeared

THE AUTHOR OF "MY PAST":
COUNTRESS MARIE LARISCH.

Reproduced from "My Past," by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. Eveleigh Nash.

her face and neck with the crushed fruit. The Empress took warm baths of olive-oil, which she believed helped to preserve the suppleness of her figure. . . . She often slept with wet towels round her waist to keep its proportions slender, and drank a horrible decoction composed of the whites of five or six eggs mixed with salt for the same purpose. . . . She never wore petticoats . . . she scorned pillows and lay quite flat, probably because she had been told by someone that it was beneficial to her beauty." The Queen had a circus, too. "At Gödöllő there was a professional ring-master, and many well-trained circus horses, which went through all the tricks of the haute école. They were pretty creatures, and it was certainly a charming sight to see



THE BARONESS MARY VETSERA.

Reproduced from "My Past," by permission of Messrs. R. Stanley and Co., London. Photograph by Adèle.

my aunt in her black velvet habit riding her little Arab round the ring, although it was rather an unusual pastime for an Empress."—Continued in "My Past," which will, without question, engross many a reader.

* "My Past." By the Countess Marie Larisch (née Baroness von Wallersee), Niece of the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria, and Daughter of Duke Ludwig of Bavaria. (Eveleigh Nash; 10s. 6d. net.)

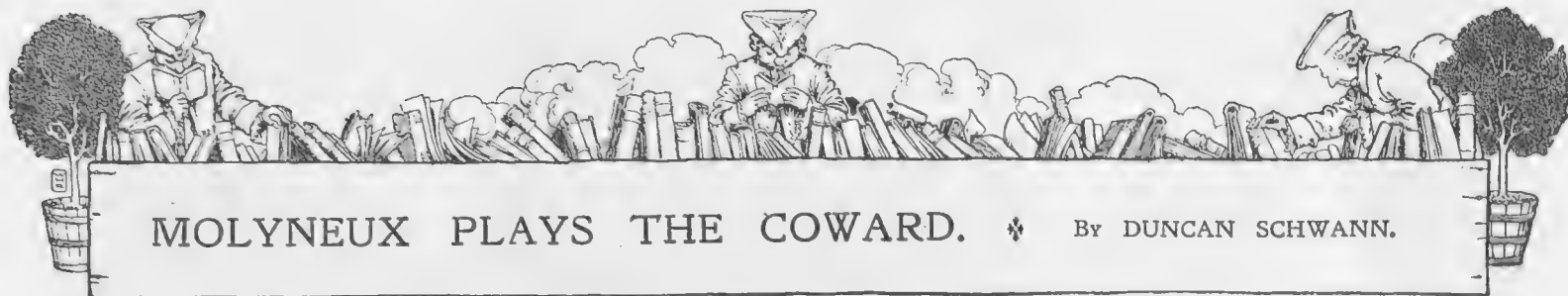
THE ADDED INSULT.

FOR SALE.



THE MAN ON THE STEPS: Young Tom 'e told me ter go and plant pertaters in me whiskers.
THE MAN IN THE BOAT: Never mind; don't you do it, Elijah.

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



MOLYNEUX PLAYS THE COWARD. ♦ BY DUNCAN SCHWANN.

THERE is no tonic I find so efficacious in the height of the Season as a quiet afternoon in mid-week spent at Ranelagh.

As a contrast to the orgy of hospitality crowded into every hour of the day and night between the middle of May and the Eton and Harrow Match, it is unsurpassed. After overheated ball-rooms, and overloaded dinner-tables, the green lawns and sylvan surroundings of the grounds at Barn Elms take on an added beauty for such of the votaries of fashion as are shrewd enough to frequent them. Dressed in a lounge suit and straw hat, with a well-filled cigar-case, and a comfortable seat shaded from the summer sun, it is a regular practice of mine thus to recuperate from past fatigues, and gain strength for future ones. Beyond an occasional polo-player anxious for an outside opinion on his game, there is no one to disturb me with the brainless prattle, compounded of gossip and scandal, that passes for conversation during the Season. At least, such has been my invariable experience until last Wednesday proved the exception to the rule, and, incidentally, involved me in an embarrassing situation.

I was half-asleep—thanks to the soothing processes of digestion—under one of the giant elms at the back of the club-house when a woman's voice recalled me to a world I would willingly have forgotten for the next hour or two.

"Why, if it isn't Mr. Molyneux of all people, Trixie! How-de-do, Mr. Molyneux!"

I sat on for a brief space with my eyes closed, revolving the various aspects of the recognition in a mind sharpened by the crisis. The voice was the voice of a Mrs. Shrubb-Sawyer, Mrs. Shrubb-Sawyer accompanied by her daughter, Trixie. I had met the pair at the Heythrop Galleries last winter on the occasion of one of the Saturday night re-unions of the Buffet Club for supper and dancing. Not that the place was a haunt of mine—very much the reverse—but chance had taken me there, and chance had decreed that I should sup with mother and daughter, and, as a consequence of my experiences, take a solemn oath never to set eyes on the couple again.

Mrs. Shrubb-Sawyer was one of those people with social ambitions and no possibility of realising them. She over-dressed in all the colours of the rainbow when her ample figure cried aloud for inconspicuous black; she flung her arms—metaphorically speaking—round the neck of any denizen of the fashionable world who crossed her path; she was ignorant alike of the meaning of tact and reticence. And Trixie—well, Trixie was her daughter with flaxen hair, doll-like features, and a figure as good as her manners were bad. Among all the chances that the Season offers for unwelcome encounters I had managed to avoid further intercourse with these ladies, only, as it appeared, to be caught out at a moment when I had no chance of beating a retreat.

I suppressed a groan and rose to my feet. The mother was in scarlet taffeta, every seam of which protested at the outrage; the daughter was in one of those lace frocks that seem to be undecided whether they are for day or evening wear. Between them, Mrs. and Miss Shrubb-Sawyer must have had the plumes of a whole ostrich-farm on their heads.

"How do you do, Mrs. Sawyer—Mrs. Shrubb-Sawyer," I hastily corrected myself, knowing the value that the matron set on the hyphen. "How do you do, Miss Shrubb-Sawyer!"

"Oh, I'm full of fun," replied the girl skittishly. "And you?"

"Full of the other thing. I'm rather out of sorts."

"And so you jolly well deserve to be, moping all by yourself," she retorted. "If you want to enjoy life, tear around—that's my motto."

I felt more like tearing my hair, but I forced a smile. Until I effected my escape it struck me as politic to humour my captors. Mrs. S.-S. interpreted my expression as a tribute to Trixie's charms and beamed back.

"Now we've found you, Mr. Molyneux, are you going to be nice and give us tea?"

I measured the distance between myself and the club-house, but, as I should have been overtaken and pulled down long before I'd reached its shelter, I made a virtue of necessity.

"Delighted," I murmured, and, hailing a waiter, I gave my orders.

"Give me a shout when tea comes!" said Trixie, opening a very fluffy parasol; "I'll go over to watch the croquet, and let you and Ma hob-nob together," and she was off, leaving behind her a pungent odour of "Frangipani."

Mrs. Shrubb-Sawyer put her head confidentially close to mine.

"My little girl thinks no end of you," she began. "She often talks about her Mr. Molyneux."

I only preserved my balance on my chair by an effort of will. Was this reality or a nightmare?

"It's very good of your daughter to remember a man she's only met once."

"Twice; you forgot that week-end at Westborough."

Forget? Should I ever forget how Andover and myself decamped at a moment's notice in order to be rid of this woman, who, no doubt, saw her precious offspring a real live Countess?

"I'm sure I don't know what I've done or said," I replied with a sinking sensation, "to get into Miss Trixie's good books."

"I won't hear you depreciate yourself," and the matron threw me an arch glance. "My Trixie's an uncommonly sound judge of men. She's had plenty of practice, too, I can tell you, for the boys crowd round her like flies round a jam-pot. But when she takes a fancy, she takes a fancy."

"Impetuosity is the fault of the age," I said sententiously, "and I—I never have had a sweet tooth."

"Why haven't we seen more of you?"—Mrs. Shrubb-Sawyer was determined not to let my dark saying lead the conversation astray—"You know our number in Queen's Gate, so there's no excuse."

I moistened my parched lips before attempting a reply.

"The fact is I live in a groove, what with one thing and another—the demands of my work——"

"Your work?"

"Certainly; paying bills, answering invitations, and such-like drudgery; my shyness——"

"Don't dare tell me you're shy!"

"Incurably so—on occasions; my ingrained bachelor habits——"

"Mr. Molyneux, why don't you marry?"

"Why? For a dozen sound reasons."

"Name 'em!" cried the lady, in the style of the Dowager Empress of China condemning an offending courtier to instant execution.

"Because no woman would marry me, because I wouldn't care to marry any woman, because I'm too selfish, because I'm not selfish enough, because the arm-chairs at my clubs are too comfortable, because—oh, but I'm only boring you?"

"Not at all, you amuse me."

"Amuse?" I repeated, my pride up in arms. I had no intention of playing the joker to her queen.

"It amuses me to hear you suggest that no woman would marry you."

"I assure you she wouldn't, if she saw me as I really am—self-indulgent, cynical——"

"Stop! Shall I tell you what you really want?"—Before I could say "No" the good woman was speaking again, with slight regard for my personal feelings—"You want looking after, Mr. Molyneux; taking in charge by a nice girl who'd buck you up when you felt depressed, and, at the same time, make you comfortable—no, let me finish!" for I was making signs of vigorous protest. "But, like so many men, you don't know how to manage things for yourself. Someone's got to take you in hand and find you a wife—that's what it is! Believe me, you'll thank that managing person ever afterwards. Ah, here's tea!"

I could have gone down on my knees to the waiter for his

[Continued overleaf.]

FRENCH GALLERY HUMOUR: BY ABEL FAIVRE.



THE ATTENDANT (*in the picture-gallery*): Poor woman! She would be so much better in the country.



THE OWNER OF THE CAR (*who has discovered the only way to "do" the really big gallery in reasonable time*): Could you tell me how many kilometres it is to the way out?

THE PEDESTRIAN: I am sorry I don't know, Sir: I'm a stranger here.

DRAWINGS BY ABEL FAIVRE.

providential appearance before my neighbour could further elaborate her outrageous scheme for my matrimonial future, and then the buttered buns she began on gave me an added respite.

"Will you give Trixie a call?" she asked, when the bun had been disposed of.

It's not a practice of mine to walk about shouting for an absent companion in any club of which I am a member, so I was about to utilise the opportunity by disappearing into the shrubbery, and thence homewards, when Trixie herself appeared.

"Finished your pow-wow?" she inquired, but, "like jesting-Pilate, stayed not for an answer." "Croquet's a footling game, don't you think, Mr. Molyneux?"

"Footling at any rate for a young thing like yourself. For a middle-aged person like me it has its advantages."

I don't as a rule lay stress on my advancing years, but, confronted by a mother whose motives, so far as my future was concerned, I had every reason for distrusting, there was method in my madness.

"Rats! You're not middle-aged by a long chalk," said Trixie, her mouth full of bread-and-butter. "I say, Ma, I saw Algy just now. He fancies himself no end, with his pink socks and his lilac shirt; quite one of the k'nuts."

Mrs. Shrubb-Sawyer received this intelligence with a frown.

"How often have I told you I don't approve of Algy Perkins? You only cheapen yourself by going about with him as you do."

"Oh, but, Ma, he does the Bunny-Hug too beautifully. It's like nothing on earth."

"It certainly looks infernal," I murmured absent-mindedly.

"Trixie, my love," Mrs. Shrubb-Sawyer interposed, my presence suddenly recalled to her, "naughty Mr. Molyneux says he's a bachelor because no nice girl will marry him. That isn't so, is it?"

"Trixie my love," favoured me with a critical stare over the edge of the tea-cup she was drinking from.

"'Pussy' Joyce would simply jump at him," she said, lowering her cup, and speaking as though I were an inanimate specimen undergoing dissection.

"'Pussy' Joyce isn't half good enough for him," pursued the mother, in the same strain. "Can't you think of anyone nicer?"

I realised my only hope of salvation lay in throwing ridicule on the whole preposterous topic.

"If 'Pussy' Joyce is a scraggy female of uncertain age, it's not the least use our exchanging photographs," I remarked, choosing a cigar with a nonchalance meant to conceal the fact that inwardly I was shaking like an aspen-leaf. "The editor of the *Matrimonial Times* knows my requirements—brunette, not afraid of work, strong domestic instincts, cold feet no disqualification if the heart be warm, private means essential. Does Miss Joyce come up to the scratch? Her pet name rather suggests she does."

"Must Mrs. Molyneux be a brunette?"—Mrs. Shrubb-Sawyer threw a side-glance at her Trixie's flaxen curls as she put the question.

"She must." Then I had a happy inspiration—one of those inspirations that change the whole course of a career. "There's a legend in our family about it. Every male Molyneux, when he comes of age, is taken into the private office of the family solicitor, in Bunhill Row, and shown a scrap of parchment centuries old on which is inscribed in black-letter characters this distich—

*A Molyneux
The day shall rue
When he to yellow hair
Is true.*

It had its origin in a Richard de Molyneux, who played the David to the blonde spouse of the local baron while the latter was supposed to be at the Crusades. As a matter of fact, his boat reached Dover before the scheduled time, and, catching the erring couple together, he passed judgment before hearing the evidence, and cleft my ancestor to the chine with his hauberk. The latter, before expiring, gasped out the little poem I have quoted, and the baron, jotting it down on the spot, sent it, with his compliments, to the victim's nearest surviving relative. The funny thing is it's come true ever since, the latest instance being that of my grandfather, who married a lady with flaming red locks, and had a family of fourteen. So now you appreciate my position."

"Stuff and nonsense!"—Mrs. Shrubb-Sawyer had risen in her indignation—"Yellow hair, indeed! The sooner the spell of that rubbishy jingle is broken—and by a man of common-sense—the better."

"Our ancient families are very superstitious," I ventured, overjoyed to notice that the matron's anger had so far overcome her prudence that she was making for the club-house, where it would be a wonder if I couldn't manage to give her the slip in one of the passages.

"Surely you don't believe the legend?"

"I'm a Molyneux"—and I bowed. "One can't explain these things," I added.

"Can you explain," broke out Trixie, so shrilly that I jumped a foot, "how a man whose head had been cut in two could talk at all?"

This was a poser, and no mistake. I cursed the glibness that was responsible.

"My dear Miss Trixie, you must recollect that people were much harder in those days. A wound that would be instantly fatal to a nervous, high-strung man of the present was only a temporary inconvenience to a wiry knight of the Middle Ages. Civilisation, with all the benefits it confers on us, has its disadvantages."

"Mr. Molyneux!" Mrs. Shrubb-Sawyer stopped at the top of the flight of steps leading from the terrace into the club-house—"I'm surprised at a person of your intelligence attempting to take my girl in with such twaddle. You're trying to pull her leg, that's what it is!"

"Trying to do what?" I gasped, clutching at the iron balustrade for support.

"Trying to pull my little Trixie's leg. You know perfectly well what the phrase means; it's a very common one."

"It is indeed!" I cried fervently. "And one I shouldn't think of putting into practice, where you and your family are concerned. Picture me pulling your daughter's little leg—I should say, pulling your little daughter's—"

I came to an abrupt conclusion. The ladies had turned disdainful backs on me. Now was my opportunity. I side-stepped in the approved fashion of an International 'three-quarter' trying to elude his adversaries' tackle, and fled down a passage to the right that led through the drawing-room to the winter garden. Who should I find there—reclining at ease in a wicker lounge chair—but Mrs. Marchmont! I straightened the collar that had become disarranged in my sudden rush, and raised my straw hat.

"Hullo!" I began, trying to look as though it were the most ordinary thing for a man of my years and bulk to enter a room at a run. "I didn't know you ever came down here on an off day."

"How hot you are, Frederick! Where have you been?"

"At the front"—I kept one eye on the door that led by another route to the hall where the Shrubb-Sawyers were, without doubt, awaiting my return—"fighting for my freedom."

"Stay and talk to me!" commanded Maisie Marchmont, laying down the book she had been making pretence of reading.

"Where can he have got to?" exclaimed a voice—a voice I recognised—outside the door, and, at the same moment, the handle moved as a hand—I guessed whose hand—turned it.

"Not now," I muttered hoarsely. "I'm in rather a hurry, and I trotted off the way I had come, leaving Maisie open-eyed."

I made the circuit of the club-house—first lap in the Molyneux Reliability Test—and arrived in due course at the door by which my pursuers had stormed the winter garden. A second at the key-hole convinced me the coast was clear. Mrs. Marchmont had returned to her novel—only temporarily, however.

"You're making me feel quite giddy, Frederick, rushing in and out like this. Are you taking part in a harlequinade?"

"If I am, I know who hates being poor old Pantaloon. No, I'm just renewing my acquaintance with this charming building."

"Your friends have gone that way"—Mrs. Marchmont pointed out on to the terrace.

"My w—what?" I stammered.

"The two women who were looking for you. As they passed by the younger one distinctly mentioned your name."

"My dear Maisie," I said indulgently, "you must have been dreaming. That comes of overdoing it. Do be careful with yourself for the sake of those who—Oh, lord," I groaned, as I saw through the window a feathered hat approaching, "I shall have to leave you again."

But it was a false alarm, as a closer scrutiny showed me, and I sank wearily on to a cane chair.

"Will you do an old admirer a good turn, Maisie? Will you send round for your car, and take me back to town with you?"

"Now?"

"This very moment."

"Is anything wrong with you, Frederick?" the kind creature inquired, when she had complied with my request.

"Everything is wrong. My resourcefulness is failing me; my nervous system is not what it was; in short, I've grown a coward."

"You ought to have more self-control."

"Self-control?" was my bitter comment. "What's the use of self-control when one's awaiting the charge of an infuriated elephant, alarmed about the safety of its calf, with one's rifle jammed, and no chance of escape?"

"What an extraordinary simile to use!"

"It hits off an extraordinary emergency, Maisie. You women know nothing of what we men go through."

"Well, you've led a placid enough life, in all conscience."

"That's all you know. There's the car!" and I led the way, not without the gravest misgivings as to my safety, to the landaulette.

As we swept past the old polo-ground, I caught sight in the distance of Mrs. Shrubb-Sawyer searching the croquet-courts with a pair of opera-glasses for trace of "Yours truly." Had she possessed the slightest inkling as to my real feelings towards herself and her daughter, she would have been engaged, instead, in probing the lake with a punt-pole for my body.

Some obscure instinct prompted me to point out the comic—I could afford to see the comic side now—spectacle to Maisie.

"What do you think that woman can be hunting for?" she asked.

"If you ask me—a prospective son-in-law she has misled."

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

THE GROWTH OF INTERNATIONALISM IN GOLF; WORLD EVENTS OF THE FUTURE.

The Scots Retaliate.

Strife between the golfing nations becomes faster and more furious as the babyhood of this strong young season is being left behind and the full bloom of youth is entered upon. That pertinent question that was started on this page a week or two back as to whether the Scots were as good as the English now, which has resulted in the most violent discussions in golfing circles in general that have ever taken place, will not soon die out, for new coals of argument are being unloaded on to it every day. For myself, I am as near to being absolutely impartial as the wind that has lately blown so much from the east and made good driving a matter needing stronger hearts than usual. Though I be English, yet I can urge that I did but repeat this suggestion of dying Scottish superiority when it was made in the most authoritative Scottish quarters. The Scottish people are now turning round and urging that, after all, the championships are no test, and that the real decider is the amateur international match—that engagement which has been abandoned because nobody, players or spectators, took any interest in it, and which was so grossly mismanaged that it is said that on one occasion the Scotch selected certain of the English team! This new point is now urged because, of course, the Scots can show a majority in it.

Final Eights.

They likewise mention that if the winners of championships are to be considered, the runners-up should be so likewise, especially when it is seen that so many English victories were due to the multiplication of successes by individuals. I do not see the force of the argument; but if there is any in it there must be more in favour of considering who have reached the last eight of the tournament in days gone by,

called, is taking a big new leap forward, and that this present season is marking the beginning of quite a new era. As things are, the Amateur and Open Championships of this country stand for the championships of the world, but one begins to feel not quite certain whether events with world names attached to them, organised by a world committee, will not come about in time.



WINNER OF THE MIDLAND LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP: MISS BARRY, OF CHELTENHAM.

Both in the morning and in the afternoon Miss Barry returned 82, and she won easily. Miss Lily Moore, of Worcester, the holder, did not defend her title.

Photograph by Sport and General.

Ireland v. Wales. Though it is the fact that our championships are world championships, they are looked upon abroad as not quite so much that as the championships of Great Britain, the leading golfing country. But America and France are now going ahead so fast, and their big events are becoming things of so much greater and greater importance, that the inevitable tendency is to reduce by a little the glamour of our own. The scheme for golf at the Olympic Games at Berlin is weak, bad, and will not succeed. It will not do to mix golf with other games and sports in the spectacular way, as it is done at the Olympic Games. But some international gathering of golfers will be brought about some day. Much will happen when the old generation of golfers, to whom still cling the traditions of the game as it was before the big boom began, dies out. Just at present, in a small kind of way, this internationalism is branching out in new directions here at home. For one thing, Ireland and Wales have fixed up an international match of their own, and they are going to play it for the first time at Dollymount, the course of the Royal Dublin Club, at the end of August, just before the Irish Open Amateur Championship. I am much interested in this determination, because I began to advocate this match being played eight or ten years ago, being about the first to suggest it, and have hammered away at the



THE WINNER AND THE RUNNER-UP OF THE LADIES' PARLIAMENTARY HANDICAP: MRS. CECIL NORTON AND MISS G. WOODHOUSE.

Mrs. Norton (22), receiving 11 strokes, beat Miss Woodhouse (7), daughter of Sir J. Woodhouse, formerly M.P. for Huddersfield, by 2 and 1.

Photograph by Sport and General.

for there has always been curiosity as to who would get to this stage, which marks the beginning of the most serious business in the competition. I find that in the last ten years there have been thirty-six Scots in the last eight, and forty-two Englishmen, the other two being an American and a Colonial. The only years when Scotland really swamped England at this stage was in 1905, when she had six to two, and four years later, when they had such doings at Muirfield as never were, Mr. Maxwell and Captain Hutchison being in the final, while

suggestion ever since. It should be a good and interesting event and should do the golf in both countries some good, especially that of Wales, which needs stirring up. Ireland is the stronger golfing country at present, but there is not so much in it as not to make a good match almost certain. But I feel that the Irish and Welsh have missed a chance by not holding their inaugural match at St. Andrews on the Saturday before the Amateur Championship meeting—the day which has usually been devoted to the international between England and Scotland, a contest which is not being played this year.



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS v. RANELAGH, AT RANELAGH: THE RIVAL CAPTAINS, MR. J. H. NEAT AND MR. A. V. HAMBRO, M.P.

The House of Commons team won by 8½ points to 8. Ranelagh won the singles by 6½ points to 3½; the House of Commons, the Four-ball Matches by 4½ to 1½. Mr. Neat beat Mr. Hambro in the singles, by 3 and 2; in the four-balls Messrs. Hambro and H. W. Forster beat Messrs. Neat and A. G. Pearson by 4 and 3.

Photograph by Sport and General.

all but one of the last eight were Scots. England had six to two in 1908, 1910, and 1912. In the meantime, there are to be other high jinks in the way of international golfing strife, and it becomes plainer every day that this internationalism, as it is being

HENRY LEACH.



A COUPLE OF SKETCHES, AND THE HUMAN FORM DIVINE.

WE have seen but little of Miss Marie Studholme in London of late, but she has turned up at the Coliseum looking as radiant as ever, and to all appearance enjoying herself immensely. Her own enjoyment, it must be cheerfully conceded, communicates itself to the audience, and all is well. This, we are

informed by Mr. R. G. Hunter, who "presents" her, is her first appearance in vaudeville, and she is to be congratulated upon an undoubted success and upon the choice of a piece which she has made or which has been made for her. It is from the pen of that capable comedian, Mr. Harry Grattan, and bears the name of "Her Ladyship." Here we encounter Arthur Desborough, a young gentleman who has married a musical-comedy actress against the wishes of his rich uncle, John Bilbury, and who is being seriously importuned by money-lenders, into whose clutches he has allowed himself to drift. The young wife has taken upon herself to write and ask the rich uncle for money, and, having divulged the fact, proceeds to array herself in the picturesque confection in which she is to display herself in the new production. In due course arrives the uncle, who is fortunately a profound snob, and to him she passes herself off as a marchioness, thus raising his nephew considerably in his estimation, and incidentally bringing him to her feet, with the result that after much



"THE CAP AND BELLS," AT THE LITTLE THEATRE: MR. ERIC MATURIN AS THE DUKE OF DARTFORD.

Photograph by C.N.

chirpy chat the old man genially signs a cheque. But the lady will not take a mean advantage. She confesses that she has played a trick, and self-denyingly hands back the draft; but the old man has been conquered, and, being a good-natured person at heart, he accepts the situation, and all ends happily. Without being exactly witty, Mr. Harry Grattan's dialogue is bright and pointed, and assisted by Miss Studholme's unfailing buoyancy, the little piece goes merrily from start to finish.



"THE CAP AND BELLS," AT THE LITTLE THEATRE: MR. FRED KERR AS THE EARL OF CHISLEHURST, MISS ETHEL WARWICK AS LADY CLARA MARDEN, AND MISS MAUDE MILLETT AS LADY CHISLEHURST.

Photograph by C.N.

At the Tivoli.

Attracted by the title of a new sketch, I went to the Tivoli the other evening to see "Honi Soit ***," which the author, Mr. Laurence Cowen, describes as "a tune on a triangle." It deals with the not unfamiliar theme of two married couples whose relations have become involved, and it deals with it on novel and quite successful lines, the line that brings down the curtain indicating clearly that Mr. Cowen has still material up his sleeve for further one-act pieces of precisely the same order. In fact, the last line conveys considerably more to the imagination than any of the preceding dialogue. Mr. Cowen's is an experienced hand, and he contrives out of somewhat slender material to evolve a turn which keeps the house interested and entertained. On the same evening I was made to laugh a lot by a comedian named Harry Weldon, who appeared as an intensely idiotic burglar making futile efforts to make an entry into an obviously easy edifice, and I also found that an event of national importance was taking place. This was no less than a new song from Wilkie Bard bearing the poetic title of "Chrysanthemums." The song, which is so long that it might almost be described as a scena, is hardly a song at all. It comprises a series of episodes designed for the sole purpose of allowing Wilkie Bard to appear as himself at his best, and there can be no doubt as to the success of the design. At intervals assistants arrive upon the stage to aid the singer in his efforts, and their co-operation is put to the fullest use by this resourceful person, who, in his most ingratiating style, contrives to keep his hearers laughing all the time. Wilkie Bard boldly describes himself on the programme as "The Tivoli Favourite," and, judging from the reception he got, one is constrained to concede that the description is perfectly justified.



"THE CAP AND BELLS," AT THE LITTLE THEATRE: MR. GODFREY TEARLE AS PERCY ROBINSON AND MISS ETHEL WARWICK AS LADY CLARA MARDEN.

Photograph by C.N.

In Leicester Square.

Owing to the termination of one revue and the fact that the new one is not yet ready, there is an interregnum, or, perhaps one might say, an interragnum, at the Alhambra, and for the present the evening is being devoted to a variety entertainment on the old-fashioned lines. There are songs and dances, British-American Minstrels and Japanese acrobats, and, in particular, there is Miss Annette Kellermann. This lady will admit of no rivalry in shapeliness, and fearlessly proclaims herself "The Perfect Woman," and I, for one, am not prepared to challenge her statement. She affords the spectators every opportunity of judging for themselves whether she is entitled to make it. As a matter of fact, her build is superb, and she is a mistress of the art of posturing in such a manner as to exhibit her lines to the greatest advantage. But the dance is hardly the best medium for the display. We have of late become somewhat hypercritical, perhaps, in the matter of dancing; the Russians have tutored us to a realisation of its meaning and possibilities; and while Miss Annette Kellermann is very splendid to look upon as a figure, she fails to satisfy as a dancer. She is fortunate in the assistance of a strong man who can pick her up in picturesque poses, and she furnishes a succession of pictures which are distinctly grateful to the intelligent eye; but while she dances one is at times disposed to wish that she would just stay still and allow us to contemplate the beauties of a contour that is completely satisfying in repose.

ROVER.



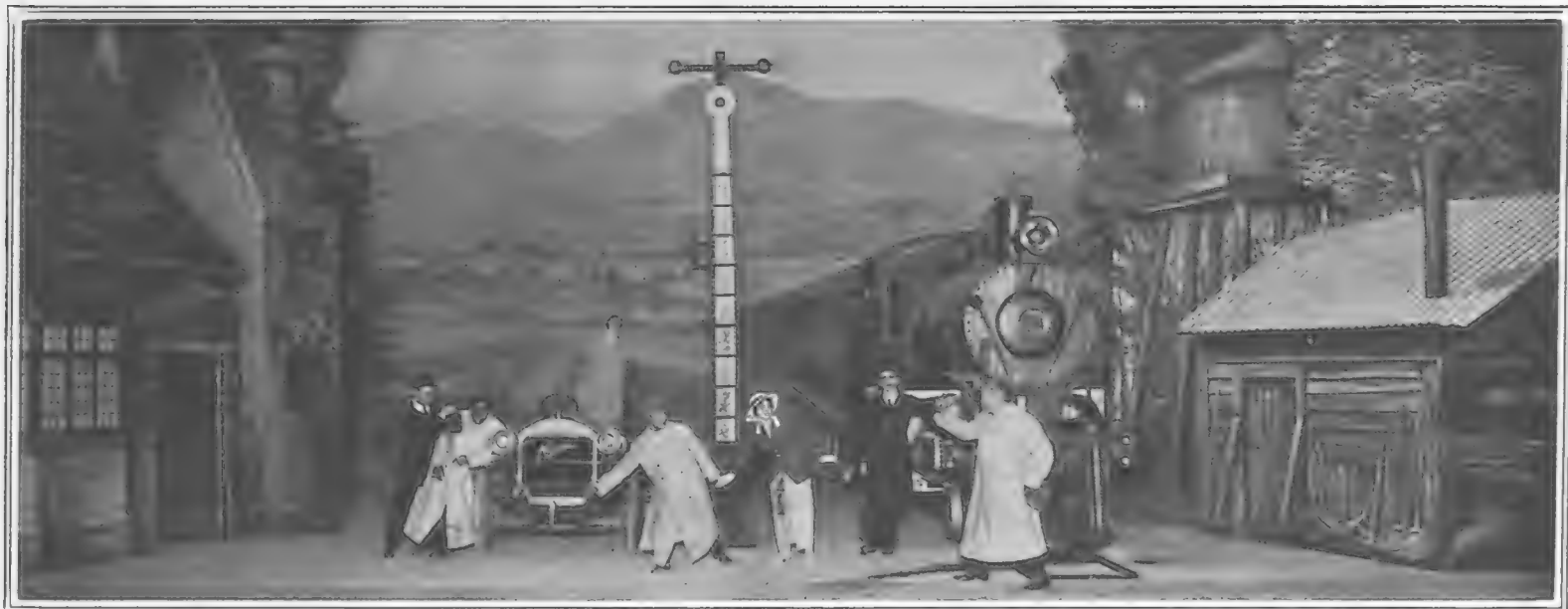
MURDERERS OF SLEEP: THE HERTS CONSUMPTION TEST: CITIES OF THE PLAIN: SPRINGS.

Be Quiet o' Nights.

Sir Edward Henry's appeal to motorists to consider the feelings of the sleeping, and may-be sick, inhabitants of populous places when driving through them at night seems to have needed repetition. I fear that those who live on the outskirts and in the suburbs of London have not found any sensible diminution of this crying nuisance since Sir Edward's last appeal. It is true, as Sir Edward points out, that the law compels motorists to make use of a warning signal under certain conditions, but it is none the less certain that these signals are very often wantonly used in the hours when the majority of the population are courting repose. The Commissioner also refers to the use of cut-outs, which are now illegal, and the employment of which, I am sure, would have diminished had a few prosecutions taken place. But although I watch the papers very closely for motor cases, I can recall only one single instance of proceedings being taken against an offender in this respect. No reasonable motorist would object to such proceedings—rather welcome them, indeed—and if the Commissioner would give his officers instructions

"Motor Spirit" No Cure.

The American motor journals are responsible for much talk about "Motor Spirit"—claimed to be a new fuel distilled from crude oil. This spirit is expected to check the rising price of petrol. "If so be that this be true," etc.; but the fly in the ointment appears to be the announcement that Motor Spirit is the discovery of W. M. Burton, the General Superintendent of the refinery of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. As the Standard Oil Company is really and after all at the bottom of all our woe, it is not likely that a discovery by one of their own officials will be permitted to bring the price of petrol below the figure which is just squeezable out of the motorist. To expect salvation in this direction is to expect good to issue from the Cities of the Plain. We are told that Motor Spirit is at present being produced by this company at the rate of 15,000 gallons per day, but it is expected that the output will be very largely increased in the near future. A number of motorists are using this Motor Spirit in Chicago without experiencing any difficulties, but a light-coloured smoke is emitted, and there is said to be also a pungent odour.



THE END OF THE GREAT RACE BETWEEN THE MOTOR-CAR AND THE TRAIN: THE CAR AND THE ENGINE ON THE STAGE, IN "COME OVER HERE," THE REVUE AT THE LONDON OPERA HOUSE.

There is a particularly excellent and exciting stage sensation in "Come Over Here," the revue at the London Opera House. A motor-car sets out to race a train. The audience sees in the distance the lights of the express as it is winding its way along the track and the head-lights of the car as it dashes along the road, now parallel with the train, now taking short cuts. At length, instead of the streak of light from the carriages of the train, the head-lights of the engine loom up before the audience and approach the footlights, the head-lights of the car coming forward at the same time. At the very edge of the stage—which is, of course, in darkness—the head-lights stop. Then the stage is lit, and motor-car and locomotive are seen upon it at the end of their race. The illusion is capital.

to move, we should all be pleased. In the matter of noisy hootings in the suburbs at night, the taxi-driver is the great offender.

Also an increased deposit of carbon—which, however, is quite soft and easily removable.

A Novel Consumption Trial.

In the absence of consumption trials by the Royal Automobile Club—and, in view of the present price of fuel, consumption trials would not be mal à propos at the moment—one must turn to the events promoted by lesser, but in this regard more useful, bodies, such as the Herts County A.C., which published the results of such a competition last week. As the Herts Club boasts a fairly good membership, one marvels to find only ten cars entered, but from these some interesting figures were evolved. Consider, for instance, the performance of Mr. F. G. Carter's 20-h.p. Vauxhall, which used Shell II., weighed 1 ton 8 cwt., and travelled 16.8 miles at 33.6 miles per gallon (carburettor unnamed, unfortunately). Then came a 12-h.p. Rover, which covered 16.6 miles on benzol at 33.2 miles per gallon. Then, fourth down the list, comes another 20-h.p. Vauxhall, doing 13.6 miles at 24.6 miles per gallon on Shell. A 12-h.p. Belsize, using a Norris carburettor, covered 12.1 miles at 28.6 miles per gallon on paraffin. In view of these performances, the conditions, which were novel and interesting, should be cited. The winner was the car which covered the greatest mileage for the least cost on his allowance of fuel, and that allowance was based on a sliding scale at the rate of 1½ pints for 600 lb. of running weight, 2½ pints for 1200 lb., and due allowance for all other weights.

The Stationary Feature of Motor-Cars.

Good springing in connection with the motor-car of to-day is a fairly general feature—indeed, almost a universal one with British-built cars, the makers of which, at one time very disregarding of the matter, have long since given it particular attention, and with particular success. Nevertheless, it is curious to note that (save, of course, for immense improvement in material and better arrangement of the plates) the springs of the motor-car of to-day do not differ in design from the springs upon which our great-grandfathers suspended their heavy and rumbling vehicles. It would have been thought that a vehicle which derived and received its propulsion from within its own economy would have required, and would have developed, an entirely different system of springing; but that is not the case. Systems varying from the normal were tried hard in the early days of the motor-car, with the net result that practically we are, save as mentioned above, as we were. Makeshift improvements in the shape of what are termed shock-absorbers and road-equalisers there are in multitude, and, of a truth, very satisfactory results are obtained therefrom; but, after all, they are merely makeshift adjuncts to the old forms of semi-elliptical and three-quarter elliptical laminated steel springs.

(Continued on a later page.)



THE caskets dear to the hearts of Corporations are to be abandoned by Manchester and Liverpool. When the King and Queen visit those cities in July and receive the customary addresses, their Majesties' collections will not be swelled with further examples of these most senseless objects. Liverpool and Manchester have

come to this wise decision on the strength, partly, of a casual paragraph which lately disclosed Edward the Seventh's short way with gold and silver boxes. He received many in his day, but never with undue protestations of delight, and the less ornate of them he lined with cedar and used as cigar-boxes. Even cigar-boxes may pall: all the royal residences are sufficiently supplied, and the King and Queen will be asked to accept pieces of old plate instead during their July tour.

A Painter's Diversions. Mr. Sargent,

whose work makes Private Views interesting to others, is not himself a private-viewer. The boldest of brushmen is personally rather a shy man, so far as men may be shy without any reflection on their manliness. He is now the

"What is your favourite diet?" somebody once asked. "Swiss rolls," was the gallant reply.

The Fair Indeed. Many amusements, benevolences, and diplomacies have their stately homes in Carlton

House Terrace; and Lady Ridley has added to the list by lending a handy Committee-Room in No. 10 to the patronesses of the Noah's Ark Fair to be held in the Albert Hall in June. Lady Northbrook presided the other day over this company of the Fair—of the Noah's Ark Fair, as they might very aptly be called in all but their years. Lord and Lady Ridley have had something more than the average share of sickness in their household of late; but, as somebody said the other day, at that hospitable door in London, as well as at that of their beautiful Northumberland home, every visitant is made welcome—even an Affliction.

Her Grace Before Meat. "I never drink tea, I have never touched wine of any sort, and I am absolutely a vegetarian," declared the Duchess of Portland the other day



THE MACFARLANE-BINGHAM WEDDING: COLONEL AND MRS. DUNCAN MACFARLANE LEAVING ST. MICHAEL'S, CHESTER SQUARE.

The wedding of Colonel Duncan Alwyn Macfarlane, D.S.O. (commanding the Seaforth and Cameron Infantry Brigade, Inverness), and Miss Edith Lavinia Bingham, younger daughter of Rear-Admiral the Hon. Richard Bingham, and niece of the Earl of Lucan, took place last week at St. Michael's, Chester Square. Lord David Hamilton and Miss Marjorie McLaren acted as train-bearers.

Photograph by Topical.

most renowned Bachelor of Art; a successor in celibacy to Reynolds and to Leighton. If Mr. Sargent wants to be amused, he does not go to picture-galleries. He goes to concerts and the opera, having an ear that is as alert and sensitive as his eye. Though he is a Sargent who says he no longer arrests sitters and prisons them on canvas, he shows, by an odd portrait now and then, that his hand does not forget its cunning, for his solitary presentment (in this year's Academy) of a lady must rank among the very finest of his works.

Swiss Rolls. Mr. Lavery, whose royal group combines the personal and the artistic interest in a way rather rare in recent portraits of the sort, takes his pleasures mostly out of doors. He does not hanker after music, or even the music-halls; and, if all the golf-links in England were destroyed by outragettes, he would not greatly grieve. The delicate painter of women's indoor downiest drapery is never so happy as when he dons his snow-shoes on Swiss heights, as, indeed, he did no later than last Christmas. A few falls only add to the fun.



THE WOLFE-MURRAY-MACFARLANE WEDDING: GENERAL SIR JAMES AND LADY WOLFE MURRAY LEAVING ST. JAMES'S, SPANISH PLACE.

The wedding took place last week of General Sir James Wolfe Murray, of Cringletie, Peebles, and Lady Macfarlane, widow of Sir Donald Macfarlane, and daughter of the late Mr. James Scott Robson. The ceremony took place in St. James's Church, Spanish Place. There was no reception, and later in the day the bride and bridegroom left for the Continent.

Photograph by C.N.

at a Newsboys' "social." She has not before made so frank a confession. Among Newsboys, she knew, her out-and-out convictions could cause no embarrassment; but in other circumstances she takes care to lead a double life. There are times when the only kind thing is to seem to do as others do, and more than one London hostess may now learn of the Duchess's idiosyncrasies for the first time. She can be the slyest as well as the most open of vegetarians. Now, at any rate, her secret is out. Perhaps she did not realise that she was speaking to potential editors when she was among the Newsboys.

Lord Weardale's Peace Work. No man could head the British delegation assisting in the American celebrations of peace among English-speaking races more appropriately than Lord Weardale. He has made many moves in the cause of international goodwill; and, incidentally, he married a Russian. He has friends in all the capitals of Europe. His most militant action in recent years has been as a campaigner against Militant Suffragists.



THE VISIT OF THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF SWEDEN AND THEIR CHILDREN TO THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT: THE CROWN PRINCESS AND TWO OF HER CHILDREN, WITH THE SWEDISH CONSUL, AT CALAIS.

Our readers will scarcely need reminding that the Crown Princess of Sweden was formerly known as Princess Margaret of Connaught.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

"What?" Whenever I hear a certain kind of young man end up a sentence with the word "what?" I am struck with the curiously tentative modern attitude. For to utter this interrogation at the tail of some statement is a kind of act of defiance, of bravado, as who should say, "What do you propose to say to that?" In most cases, I take it, the display of this usually harmless word is a sign of uneasiness, a pathetic signal from the unconvinced for sympathy or approbation. For "what?" at the end of a sentence is usually accompanied by a rather vapid laugh, and always implies some lingering doubt in the speaker's mind as to how his artless conversation will be received by the company. It is singularly typical of that non-committal, rather bewildered state of mind which is so much in evidence to-day. It denotes the kind of person who only reads newspapers—and very cursorily at that—and whose views and opinions shift with the passing hour. It also denotes surprise at a somewhat complex world, and is often accompanied by so much naïveté as to be almost engaging. The man who makes frequent use of this expression is usually inoffensive, but it is a singular fact that women seem entirely to ignore the word and its conversational uses.

The Uncompromising Honesty of Women.

I have heard men of authority declare, with perfect sincerity, that woman in public life would be quite impossible, owing to her uncompromising honesty and superfluity of zeal for the public welfare. At present, at any rate, she does not seem to practise the delicate—and sometimes shady—art of compromise. She has not yet acquired the masculine habit of metaphorical winking, of "arranging things" for the public, of evasion, reticence, and innuendo. This honesty, I hasten to add, is typical of the new kind of woman, for the more old-fashioned sort are past-mistresses in all those time-honoured expedients. But that the new type of feminine worker is appreciated there is no doubt. One of the most distinguished journalists in Europe tells me that he never employs any secretaries but women, as he can trust them with political secrets which he could not tell, without danger of leakage, to a man. In America, the honesty of female clerks and cashiers is so well understood that they are more and more receiving responsible positions, banks and big business houses being no longer obliged to send to Canada for a cashier. Quite recently a prominent Suffragist has been appointed to a post in a Government office worth six hundred pounds a year, because, according to the Secretary of the Interior, "it is a well-known fact in the United States that money can be handled more safely by a woman than by a man." That reminds me that the Bank of England may also be actuated by a similar reason, for the counters of Bank of England notes, who have to finger vast sums of money, are girls.

Our Modern Inelegance.

It is quite evident that the services of a new Turveydrop are urgently required if our Youth—of both sexes—is ever to acquire the rudiments of Deportment. In Victorian times, girls on the eve of "coming out" were carefully instructed in the art of gracefully getting in and out of a carriage. Nowadays a jump, a twirling pair of heels, and a flop announce that Beauty is about to take the air. For everything, to-day, is a joke, and everybody is in a consummate hurry. Who cares if a woman gets in and out of her carriage or motor with dignity and grace?

Girls were taught to curtsy with ease, in view of the coming ordeal at Court, and, moreover, they were considered ill-bred if they did not pay a pretty deference to their elders. But if these social arts and amenities are neglected nowadays with girls, the boys are in a worse case. I fancy there is no one bold enough to correct their manners, for the middle-aged are desperately afraid of being unpopular with the younger and gayer set. The Dowager who once wielded such tremendous social power has disappeared; and there is no one to say them nay when they smoke everywhere and at all hours, loll and lounge in the presence of ladies, and take their ease generally in a way that would not have been tolerated for a moment little more than a decade ago. I hasten to add that the young man of to-day is not conscious of displaying any disrespect, nor is he aware that he has lost the Englishman's proverbially "correct" demeanour. One of the remedies for this slackness and inelegance would undoubtedly be military service, for you never see it among soldiers, nor among young Frenchmen, Germans, and Italians, who all acquire, early in life, the smartness of the professional officer.



FRESH FROM PARIS: A BEVY OF BEAUTIFUL EVENING FROCKS.

Reading from left to right: the first figure shows a brocade gown in geranium colour, flowered with a design in pale gold; the little tunic coat is of coarse net embroidered over with black silk. The second figure wears a brocade gown of Bulgarian-green on a sulphur ground; the bodice in sulphur-coloured tulle sewn with pearls. The third figure is seen in pearl-coloured Liberty satin and flouncings of Point d'Angleterre lace; the corsage is held up over the shoulders by a gold thread, dotted with amethysts. The fourth figure has a draped glacé-silk gown in a soft shade of mauvey pink—the large chou on the bodice and drapery on the skirt of dull-blue tulle. The fifth figure is in a gown of periwinkle-blue charmeuse with embroidered bands on a brown-red ground, the shoulder-bands and bead-tassels of the same colour.

As Thorns Under a Pot.

The inane laughter of fools is at all times unbearable, but especially so in the playhouse, when some scene is being enacted which demands your whole attention and which appeals to your most intimate emotions. And there is a growing habit of indulging in a kind of self-conscious cackle whenever anything serious is approached upon the stage. It may be an exquisite love-scene, a bitter farewell, an agonising death-scene, an impassioned murder or suicide: a section of your modern audience will giggle at all these wonderful happenings. Even at that extraordinarily moving play, "Typhoon," there were people around me in the stalls the other night who tittered idiotically at the stateliest moments, even when Mr. Laurence Irving was revealing, with the most consummate art, the very soul of Japan. And I am bound to say that women are the worst offenders. For a long time, the comic piece has been so much in vogue, that audiences appear to think that laughter is demanded of them in the theatre. But for those who have other emotions which can be aroused, such as pity, horror, sympathy, patriotism, the cackle of fools in the wrong place is an outrage.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on May 14.

THE MARKET POSITION.

THE last week has been rather a difficult one for the markets, and the Austrian affair at one time looked anything but pleasant. On Tuesday the Continent was a seller of all the leading international stocks, and this was fully reflected in the prices over here. After the May Day holiday, however, the political outlook was considered more satisfactory, and a firmer tendency was apparent throughout the lists.

The position is really very interesting at the moment; the bull account is practically non-existent on the market, although it is difficult to estimate the amount of stock pawned with the banks. Probably this totals a fair amount, and it must not be forgotten that if there should be any trouble, the banks would be far more relentless sellers than the market men. Scotch speculators found this out some years ago when South African mining shares came down with a run.

Underwriters continue to receive a large proportion of the new issues, but in most cases have little difficulty in getting rid of their stock at a small discount, which is rather an unusual state of affairs. The public seem to prefer doing business in this way, and as it means more commissions on the Stock Exchange, everyone is pleased.

Apart from this feature, however, the public are displaying very little interest in the markets, and apparently prefer to run the risk of having to pay a little more later on rather than pick up some of the tempting bargains which undoubtedly abound at present.

If war should break out values would, of course, be upon an entirely different basis; but if, as now seems probable, the Balkan Question is finally cleared up, we do not think even the multitudinous demands upon the Money Market will seriously affect the upward trend of prices.

NIGERIAN TINS—BISICHIS.

This group is gradually making good, and signs are not wanting that an attempt will be made before very long to revive public interest. If it were not for the memory of the Anglo-Continental scandal, we should be more inclined to believe that it would come off. Some of the Companies are doing remarkably well, and should do still better with improved machinery and increasing transport facilities. During the last ten days or so, three Companies have declared their maiden dividends, among which the most important was the Bisichi Company, whose net profits came out at just over £10,000, and this enabled the directors to distribute 5 per cent. The production for the year, in spite of the delayed delivery of the hydraulic plant, and sickness among the staff, amounted to 281 tons of black tin, which was delivered in Liverpool at £48 per ton, against over £49 in the previous year. The black tin, which assayed 73.9 per cent., realised £157 10s. per ton, so it will be seen that there was an ample margin of profit.

Up to the present only some 32 acres out of the Company's total area of nearly 2000 acres have been thoroughly prospected, and they have been proved to carry an average of 3.56 lb. of tin per cubic yard for an estimated yardage of 682,400. When the new plant is installed the production, which has been 25 tons per month for the first three months of the year, should be considerably increased.

THE ROHILKUND AND KUMAON RAILWAY.

When we last referred to this Indian railway at the end of 1912 the Ordinary stock stood at 137, and we then suggested that the total dividend for the year would amount to 8 per cent., and also that the quotation would probably advance still further. The price has since risen to 159½, and the directors have just announced a final dividend of 3 per cent. and a bonus of 1 per cent., making a total return of 8 per cent. for the year.

The Company undoubtedly had a very prosperous time, and working expenses showed a very moderate increase, with the result that the net profit at 25,66,300 rupees showed an increase of 6,79,100 rupees. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that gross traffics for the first three months of 1913 show a considerable improvement over last year's figures.

The most interesting part of the announcement, however, is that the Secretary of State has signified his intention of acquiring the line in 1932, as he is entitled to do under the agreement between the Government and the Company. The main line (54 miles) will be acquired for twenty-five times the average profits earned during the five years prior to December 1912, while the extensions (206 miles) will be acquired for twenty-five times the average profits earned during the five years prior to 1932, with a minimum and maximum of 100 and 120 per cent. respectively. It is, of course, these latter terms that make an exact estimate of what the shareholders will receive very difficult, but the general market view is that the stock is fully worth its present quotation, although unlikely to advance very much further. Besides the question of the actual price which will be paid by the Government, the probability of increased distributions between now and 1932 must be taken into consideration.

OVERHEARD IN A CITY OFFICE.

The still-more-senior partner arrived half-an-hour earlier than usual and yet looked quite surprised when the clerk inquired whether he'd been Queen of the May.

"What d'you mean?" he asked.

"Didn't know how else to explain it," continued the irrepressible one; "we really thought you wouldn't come at all as it's a Stock Exchange holiday."

"It's a holiday on the Continent, as well," Harry informed them.

"When I look at the quotations for some of the things I hold," said the senior partner dolefully, "I begin to feel much the same about 'the House' in the City as I do about 'the House' at Westminster. It's a pity they don't both take dashed long holidays!"

"But think of the thrills you'd miss!"

"And the charges you'd save," said Harry—and he was quite indignant when they accused him of quoting from a morning paper!

"Barring a European war," said the clerk, "anyone with any money now can pick up some wonnerful fine bargains, and will see some fat profits later on."

"Unto him that hath shall be given," intoned the rubber expert, "which also explains why the two partners shared the prizes in the sweep yesterday."

"What do you think of the new Brazilian loan?" inquired the senior partner of nobody in particular.

"It looks all right," said the clerk, "although I think I should prefer the San Paulo loan at 7-8 premium. You see, in that case you've got the coffee lying in Europe as a security."

"Suppose there's a general mess-up," suggested Harry; "and it all gets burnt or pillaged? What about it, then?"

"It wouldn't matter much what you held, in that case," said the still-more-senior partner; "everything would tumble down, and those who had resisted the 'wonnerful fine bargains' to which our young friend refers would have the laugh."

"You can consider yourself squashed," said the rubber expert to the clerk, but the latter apparently didn't, for he suggested that Cuban Rails were worth attention—"If traffics keep up, Cuban Centrals will earn about 6 per cent, and should pay at least 3 per cent."

"I like United of Havanas better, Mister," said the senior partner; "they're not so dependent on the sugar crop nowadays. I believe there's a rise of four or five points in them."

"And Home Rails?" queried the rubber expert.

"I don't see how you can go far wrong as a bull of the best of them," said the senior partner. "Great Centrals, Midland Deferred—"

"And Dover 'A,'" interrupted Harry; "you mustn't forget Kent Coal."

"We're looking for quick profits, my lad," said the senior partner. "Kent Coal is all very well in its way, but it won't set the Thames on fire this year."

"When the first collieries are producing on a commercial scale, it will probably be the time for wise men to sell," came the answer, "and certainly much too late to buy."

"How are Nigerians, Harry?" asked the still-more-senior partner with a wink.

Harry took the bait and started to explain why an advance was inevitable. "Nearly all the outputs are increasing: Jos, Bauchi—" but the rubber expert could bear it no longer and roared with laughter.

"Laugh on," said Harry; "you'll—"

"Central Lafon, Harry," corrected the still-more-senior partner with a smile as he walked out of the office.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Mr. Knox-Little's statement regarding the position of the Brazil Railway Company is decidedly interesting. He cites several reasons to explain the diminution of the Company's gross receipts, and expresses the belief that the second half of the current year will bring a considerable improvement. He also states that a majority of the Common stock has been acquired by Messrs. Speyer Brothers, the Banque de Paris et des Pays-bas, and others, in conjunction with Mr. Farquhar. The stock has fallen from 120 to 71½, and it now looks as though a rise is probable.

Brakpans have been the subject of various unpleasant rumours of late, and the price has dropped appreciably. The March profit was not very good, and the April figures are unlikely to be very much better. We understand the causes of this decline are only temporary, and we strongly advise shareholders to stick to their shares.

It is a little difficult to understand why the market was dissatisfied with the Chairman's speech at the San Paulo Railway meeting. It was pretty generally known that whatever negotiations had been in progress had come to naught, and that was the substance of the speech. Although competition does not threaten for the moment, the Chairman pointed out that the question would probably have to be faced again at some time or other; and in order further to strengthen the Company in such an event, the directors propose to extend the present system. It will probably be necessary to reopen the capital account, and if there should be a fresh issue of Ordinary stock, we have little doubt that shareholders would receive a good bonus.

[Continued on page 160.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Dining and Dancing.

These are the forms of entertaining most appreciated at present. The King and Queen will revive the vogue for dinner-parties. On Monday in last week they dined with Lord Rosebery, and on Tuesday with Lord and Lady Farquhar. At Newmarket the King always dines out, and dinner engagements for the future will be many. It is rather the social than the gastronomic aspect of dinner parties that appeals to their Majesties, who are both fond of simple meals, and are also very moderate eaters and drinkers. Therefore, as dinner guests, it is not hard to cater for the august pair. The fact that they

are fond of dinner-parties, however, naturally makes this form of entertaining very fashionable. They set a vogue, and as some less exalted people are not so easily pleased in culinary matters, elaborate dinners will be quite a feature of the coming season. Even young people like a dinner-party before their dances; they get on terms with each other, and enjoy the dance more. For every dance dinner-parties are given, and the guests go on together. There is a wide gulf between the dinners of to-day and those of even ten years ago, when dancing afterwards could not have been thought of. We have learned to take our gastronomic pleasures, as others, more lightly. The King and Queen are quite in the new movement, too, about food, differing in this respect from some previous occupants of the throne.

Girls to the Fore. It would be interesting to know who it was who brought girls into their own again. No doubt, some student of matters social knows what hostess, or combination of hostesses, succeeded in ousting the young married ladies from the strong position which they held so long. Girls were at a discount: it was no unusual thing to see lovely girls making dados at dances while smart young married women could have danced every dance three

until June—possibly the last week of this month, but more likely not. The Court of this week over, there will be an exodus, and many people will not return until June. From then until the last week in July there will be plenty of stir, including festivities for the State visit of the President of the French Republic. Those who complain—and many do—of the shortness of the London season must remember that we have periods of gaiety all the year round, that we have far more visitors from all parts of the world than we used to have, and there is now no interval when the Metropolis is deserted by money-spending people. Even in August and September there are heaps of sightseers here. Of course, one cannot deny that this year there were practically no consecutive pre-Easter gaieties.

Our American Friends.

Hostesses from the other side of the Atlantic are a strong phalanx and a brilliant in our social brigade. There are the Duchesses of Roxburghe, Marlborough, and Manchester; Mrs. Leeds, rich, petite, attractive; Mr. and Mrs. Otto Kahn, at St. Dunstan's Lodge; Mme. Von André, whose new house in Piccadilly is a thing of beauty, and who is to have a sister with her; Mrs. Irwin Laughlin, wife of the Chargé d'Affaires at the American Embassy, whose sister, Miss Iselin, will be with her; Mrs. James Henry Smith and her daughter, the Duchess de Vizeu; Mr. and Mrs. William Saloman in their new house, St. Katharine's, Regent's Park; Mrs. Schwab, of Chicago, at Alington House, in South Audley Street; and the Hon. John and Mrs. Ward in Dudley House, which has been beautifully done up. They will not, however, be entertaining much, Mrs. Ward being in mourning for her father. Count and Countess Szechenyi are looking for a London house.



ENGAGED TO MR. NIGEL LEGGE-BOURKE:
LADY VICTORIA CARRINGTON.

Lady Victoria Carrington is the youngest of the five daughters of the Marquess of Lincolnshire (formerly Earl Carrington), and was born in 1893. She was one of the Queen's train-bearers at the Coronation. Mr. Nigel Legge-Bourke, who is a Lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards, is the son of Sir Harry Legge, Equerry to the King and brother of the Earl of Dartmouth. He assumed the additional name of Bourke in 1911.—[Photograph by Val l'Estrange.]

times over so far as partners were concerned. They were the fashion, and young men are just as silly as young women about being in the swim. They bored themselves by being suppliants for the favours of an already appropriated siren; they performed the offices sometimes of a poodle, sometimes of a lackey, to be seen with one of these married flirts; it was their ambition to be considered the victims of unhallowed love. Whoever managed to get rid of the whole unwholesome pose did a great deed for Society. Many tried to do it who had the welfare of young folk at heart. I fancy success fell to ladies who gave Lenten boy-and-girl dances about six seasons ago, at which the boys found how attractive the girls were. If it was wrong to institute Lenten dancing—and some of the hostesses had scruples—at least good has come of it, for the girls reign once more. Married ladies do have *cavalieri-serventi*, but they are no longer fashionable adjuncts, nor do smart men consider it dowdy to admire girls.

Shorter and Fuller.

The season receives a check, with three weeks' Parliamentary recess at Whitsuntide. There are many dances arranged for, but they are not important; all of them will be small enough to be entirely enjoyable. For a really full social programme we must wait



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THE MOTOR-BOAT HONEYMOON: MR. AND MRS. T. THORNYCROFT "LEAVE" IN A NOVEL MANNER AFTER THEIR WEDDING AT BEMBRIDGE.

Mr. T. Thornycroft (son of Sir John Thornycroft, the famous marine engineer) and his bride (formerly Miss Gladys Savile) chose an appropriate and novel method of honeymooning. After the wedding, which took place on the 29th at Bembridge, Isle of Wight, they left in a motor-boat. The photograph shows Mrs. T. Thornycroft kissing good-bye.

Photograph by Topical.

[Continued from page 158.]

Holders of Guatemalan bonds are, it appears, again to have their hopes dashed to the ground. It will be remembered that, in the middle of last month, President Cabrera promised the British Minister that he would arrange a settlement. Advices from Washington, however, now state that the President is appealing to the American Government to prevent pressure being brought by our Foreign Office. It is quite clear that in future bondholders can believe in no settlement until it is an accomplished fact.

The position of the Chinese loan negotiations gets more and more difficult. The Chinese House of Representatives seems to be at loggerheads with the provisional Government which was established some time back, and refuses to confirm the latter's agreements. These continued delays will do nothing to aid the public flotation of the loan when an agreement is finally arrived at.

Among high-yielding Industrials which appear well secured, we think Callender's Cable and Construction Company Ordinary shares are entitled to a prominent place. The Report which appeared a little while ago revealed a very strong financial position, and, in spite of labour and other troubles in 1912, profits increased from £76,800 to £97,000. The dividend and bonus were maintained at 15 per cent., and the carry-forward increased from £58,500 to £91,750.

The outlook for 1913 is excellent, and the £5 shares at £12 offer a return of about 6½ per cent.

SOME NITRATE RESULTS.

A good many Nitrate Companies have declared final or interim dividends during the last week or so, and in every case the figures were satisfactory.

An interim dividend of 60 per cent. has been declared by the Liverpool Company, against 50 per cent. at this time last year, and the total distribution for the year ending in June will, we feel sure, render the shares particularly attractive at their present quotation; while prospects for the coming year are even more hopeful.

Shareholders in the Colorado Nitrate Company now receive an interim dividend of 2½ per cent., and the final distribution is unlikely to be less than the 5 per cent. which was paid for 1911-12, when no interim payment was made. On the other hand, the current price of the shares appears to discount the future to no small extent, and in view of the life of the properties we can hardly recommend a purchase.

A certain amount of nervousness has lately been apparent as to the outlook for the Nitrate industry; but we do not think holders

have any cause for anxiety at present. It is true the price of the fertiliser has fallen from the highest price touched, but a great many Companies had already made forward sales of the largest part of their outputs, and we believe the price will recover as soon as Continental affairs are more settled.

The shares of some of the Nitrate Companies are undoubtedly overpriced at present, but in many instances we consider a purchase likely to show excellent results.

Saturday, May 3, 1913.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. A.—You can safely hold (1) and (2), although neither offers much chance of appreciation; but (3) you had better sell: it is a thoroughly bad security.

GODFATHER.—You can get 5 per cent. with very good security nowadays. The new San Paulo bonds, City of Baku, or Chilean stocks should suit.

SYLVIA.—No; the exchange would be very unwise.

EDDIE (Newcastle).—We do not know much about the business you mention, but, from its nature, consider it very speculative. Competition will be keen, and we hesitate to advise.

SCRUTATOR.—The price of Can-pacs depends on politics. If all goes well both old and new shares will surely go higher, but whether they will actually touch the figure you mention is too hard a question. The other Company has improved its position owing to high coffee prices. The Ordinary shares are speculative, and, in our opinion, not attractive.

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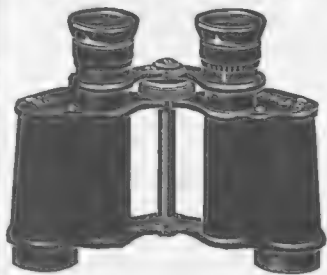
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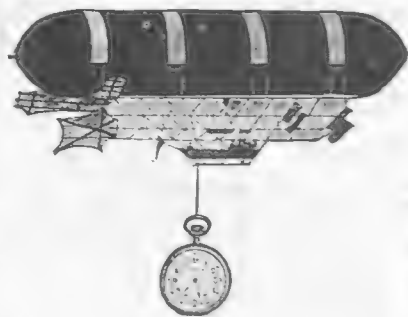
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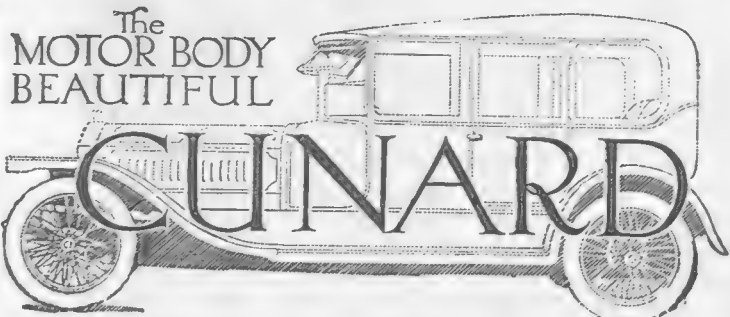
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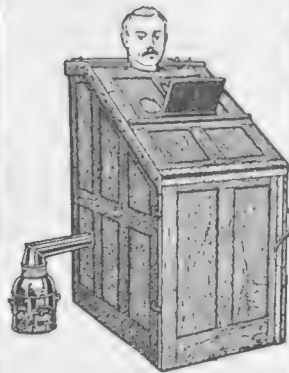
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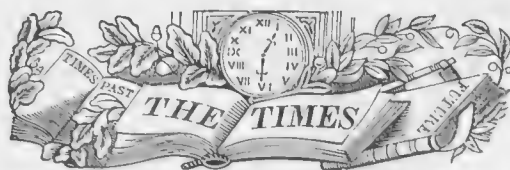
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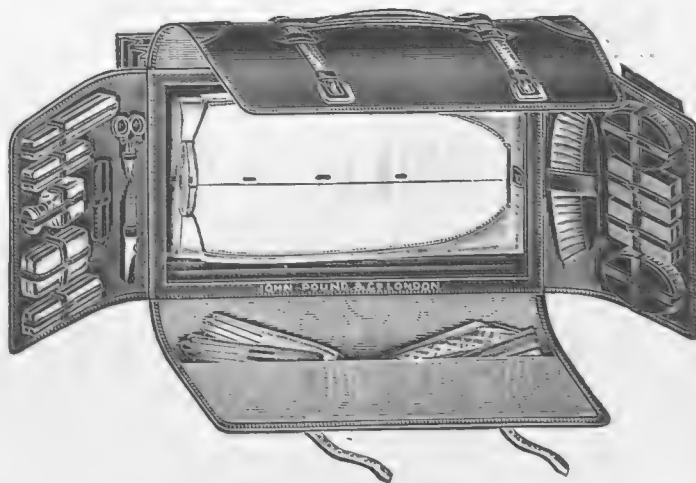
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The Riddle of the Universe!

The Riddle of the Universe—to women, at least, throughout the ages, has been

How to Stay Young?

The Syrians, Babylonians, and Arabians tried to solve it; the ladies of Greece and Rome, the Moorish women, the Egyptian female communities in the days of the Ptolemys—in fact, women throughout Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, from ancient to modern days have adopted all kinds of devices to retain the appearance of youth. Why? Because

Beauty is Power.

To the Queens of Beauty belong the domains of the world.

Unfortunately many so-called "Beauty Doctors" of the present day have endeavoured to solve this problem by experimenting in all kinds of dangerous operative treatments, and

Mrs. Hemming, the World-Renowned Beauty Specialist

who founded the "Cyclax" Company, of 58, South Molton Street, London, W., finds it necessary to warn her clients against allowing themselves to be made subjects for these experiments.

"To retain and preserve beauty," says Mrs. Hemming, "it is by no means necessary to subject oneself to hypodermic injections of paraffin compounds, to plaster the face with concoctions which act in so drastic a fashion as to remove the outer cuticle, or to allow the delicate anatomy of the face to be treated by irresponsible amateur surgeons. To remove wrinkles, one does not really need to cut the skin or to put surgical stitches into it. Such methods, advocated as they are by persons who pose as toilet specialists, are as risky as they are unscientific."

Mrs. Hemming's Methods

of Beauty Culture are based on common-sense, and on wide experience. The treatments are carried out by a staff of highly-trained assistants under her personal supervision, and the results, as proved in the cases of many of the most high-placed and aristocratic ladies of the land, are sufficient to justify the assertion that it is not necessary to adopt dangerous methods in order to rejuvenate the face.

The beautifying effects of these wonderful and unique treatments are simply marvellous; so rapidly does the skin improve under them that in quite a short time a sallow or "muddy" complexion is transformed into one of translucent clearness.

Among the Specialities used in Mrs. Hemming's treatments

The Wonderful "Cyclax" Skin Food

(4s. and 7s. 6d.) takes premier place. This marvellous preparation acts like a charm upon dry, shrivelled, or prematurely wrinkled skins. It builds up the muscles and tissues and brightens and purifies the complexion, while it acts also in a protective capacity. It is therefore particularly useful to motorists and ladies who indulge in sports, as it frees the skin from roughness, redness, and discolourations. The "Cyclax" Complexion Milk (4s. and 7s. 6d.) gives an

Exquisite Surface to the Skin.

It eradicates lines, closes up open pores, and makes the complexion fair, fresh, and dainty as a spring flower. "Cyclax" Labyl (4s. 6d.) adds colour to the lips and keeps them soft and pliant.

If you have a Double Chin

it is not necessary to undergo an operation in the hope of getting rid of this disfigurement. All that is necessary is to use "Cyclax" Throat Lotion (7s. 6d.) This stimulates the glands and muscles of the throat and braces up the loose and sagging skin in a wonderful way, so that the contour of the face is quickly restored. So successful, in fact, are the "Cyclax" Treatments and Preparations that it may undoubtedly be claimed they have

Solved the Riddle of the Universe.

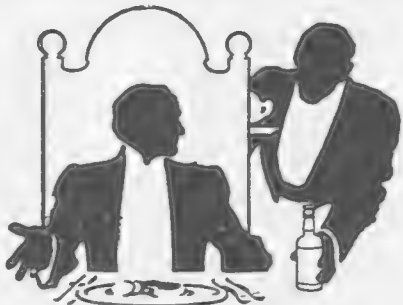
Many of the most distinguished actresses and professional women of the day use the Cyclax Preparations regularly, and are constantly testifying to their wonderful efficacy. Mrs. Hemming, however, has always made it an invariable rule to respect the confidences of her clients and does not, therefore, publish addresses.

All who are interested in the art of beauty-culture on natural lines should send for a presentation copy of Mrs. Hemming's admirable Toilet Handbook entitled: "The Cultivation and Preservation of Natural Beauty," which is full of valuable hints on the care of the skin, and contains a description of the various "Cyclax" preparations and the methods of using them. One chapter is devoted to Physical Exercises, with illustrations, and another (illustrated) to Facial Massage. No one should be without this excellent Guide to Beauty.



The "CYCLAX" Company, 58, South Molton Street, London, W.

These Preparations can also be obtained at Selfridge's.



IF any man ever made a sauce that was as good as **LEA & PERRINS'**, you can be sure he would not imitate the appearance of the latter.

Yet practically every "Worcestershire" sauce tries to imitate the appearance of the original.

The very fact that it has to imitate the Lea & Perrins' label and bottle, amounts to a declaration of its own inferiority. But for all that, thousands of people still say "Worcestershire" when they mean "Lea & Perrins." Do you?



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ORIGINAL and GENUINE
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in with fillet net; skirt
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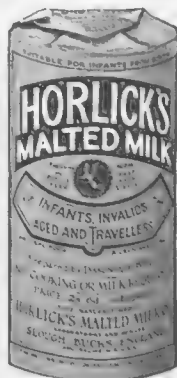
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Prepared in a moment with hot or cold water only.

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A delicious food confection to be dissolved in the mouth.

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In the Merry Month of May

the Sun's brilliant rays, as well as the Cold Winds, wage their unmerciful war upon the complexion. Prepare your skin to withstand their effects. A few drops of Beetham's La-rola regularly applied will keep your hands and face quite free from Sunburn, Irritation, or Redness, and will soon produce a complexion as Smooth and Soft as Velvet. Try a bottle of La-rola upon your skin. You may obtain La-rola from all chemists in bottles at 1s. and 2s. 6d.

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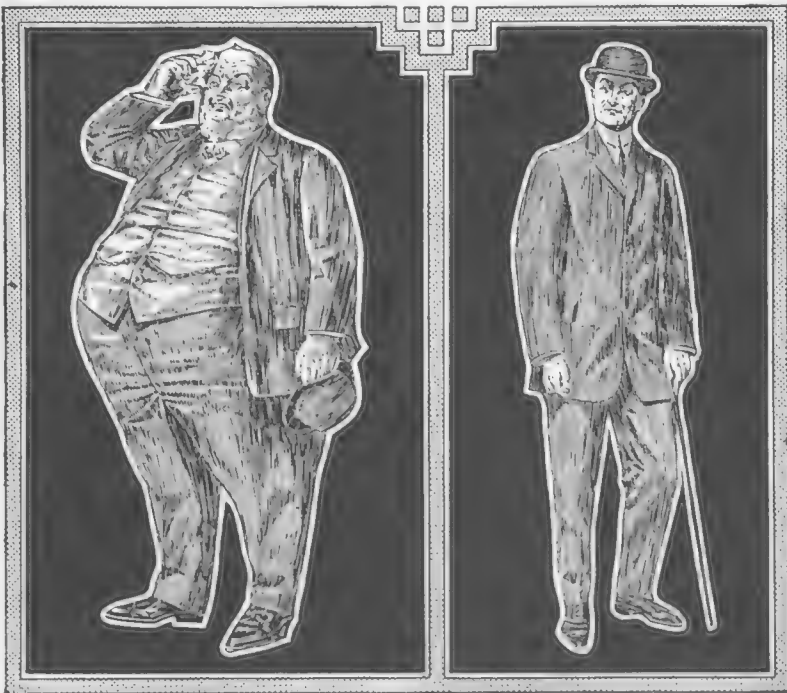
HOW THE JAPANESE ALWAYS REMAIN SLENDER.

NO ONE NEED REMAIN FAT NOW.

TRAVELLER AND SCIENTIST DISCOVERS LONG-FOUGHT SECRET. REDUCED HIS OWN WEIGHT 100 POUNDS WITHOUT A SINGLE DRUG, AFTER ALL ADVERTISED REMEDIES HAD FAILED ABSOLUTELY.

How to Reduce Fat One Pound a Day, and then Always Remain SLIM. No Drugs, Medicines, Starvation Diet, Exercising or Apparatus Used. Finds Simple Home Treatment Works Wonders.

Arrangements Now Made to have all Stout Readers of this Paper Receive a Free Copy of Dr. Turner's Wonderful Book, "How I Reduced My Weight 100 Pounds."



In an interview accorded upon his return from a long trip, Dr. F. M. Turner, the physician, scientist and traveller, widely known for his scientific researches, and whose writings have brought him international reputation, gave some valuable information to those who were astounded by his loss of more than 100 pounds of excessive fat since they last saw him. They found it difficult, indeed, to recognise in the slender, muscular, and perfectly proportioned form of Dr. Turner to-day the same man who only a few months previously they knew as a semi-invalid, so enormously fat that he could hardly walk.

When questioned concerning his health and the remarkable change in his appearance, Dr. Turner said:

"My discovery came about during my trip, and in this way: When seeking data for some literary work, I found a reference to the manner in which the Japanese were said to easily overcome any tendency to take on superfluous flesh. It was easily apparent from observation that the Japs are comparatively hearty eaters, and that their diet consists largely of rice, the most starchy, and therefore the most fat-forming, of all grains. I had often wondered why, in spite of these facts, the natives of Japan, both men and women, always present such a slender, trim, neat appearance. Although corsets are rare in that country, the women there have beautiful figures that any Englishwoman might well envy, and the Japanese men have strength and powers of endurance that are proverbial. After diligent inquiry about the cause of this, I became more than ever convinced that they were using there in Japan methods of fat-reduction and fat-prevention far in advance of anything known to medical science in this country. As the finding of such a method was a matter of life or death to me at that time, I consulted numerous authorities, and set about asking questions of those who would be likely to know anything about it. I am glad to say that my untiring efforts were finally rewarded by the discovery of a new means of fat reduction that I determined to give a short trial immediately. I was fairly startled to behold the wonderful change it made in my appearance, and the improvement in my health that was noticeable from the very first. My fat began to vanish at the rate of one pound a day, sometimes more. I knew I had at last discovered the secret that had been vainly sought for years, and I continued the treatment until I had lost more than 100 pounds in weight. I became stronger with every pound I lost, and soon regained all my old-time vigour of body and mind. It made me feel twenty years younger to be rid of all the fat that had formed inside and outside my body. After discontinuing the treatment and keeping a careful record of my weight for more than two months, I was delighted to find that the reduction was permanent, nor has

my fat shown the slightest tendency to return since then."

Dr. Turner then went on to explain the treatment he discovered, and while anyone must admit that it is a highly logical method and undoubtedly effective to a wonderful degree, yet it is so simple that even a child can understand it and obtain most satisfactory results. Surely, in view of all these proven facts, no stout person need any longer feel that he or she must remain fat now. Lack of space prevents a full description of the entire method here, but Dr. Turner has described it in a handsomely bound and extremely interesting little booklet, entitled, "How I Reduced My Weight 100 Pounds," and by special arrangement with the Doctor we are able to announce that these valuable booklets, while they last, are to be distributed absolutely free to *Sketch* readers who are sufficiently interested to send two penny stamps for postage and packing.

The books are sent in plain wrapping, and we are told that there are only about 2000 of the last edition left. When these are gone the Doctor may not have any more printed, as he says that extensive business and professional interests will demand all his time from now on, and also he may depart on another long trip at any time, so will probably have no time to give the matter personal attention again for several months at least. He therefore will not promise us to send the books to any readers who do not write him immediately. The Doctor's present address is F. M. Turner, c/o the Dr. Turner Co., Dept. 734F., 214, Great Portland Street, London, W., and any requests sent there during the next few days will be given prompt attention. We urgently advise all *Sketch* stout readers to obtain this wonderful book and begin reducing weight immediately, as such a chance as this may never present itself again.

This offer is made for the special benefit of *Sketch* readers, and in order to prove that you are entitled to receive one of the books entirely free of cost, be sure to send the following coupon, or write and mention 734F.

FREE BOOK COUPON.

F. M. Turner, care of The Dr. Turner Co. (Dept. 734 F.), 214, Great Portland Street, London, W.

Enclosed find two penny stamps to free pay for postage and packing of the free book on drugless weight reduction, to which I am entitled as a reader of *The Sketch*

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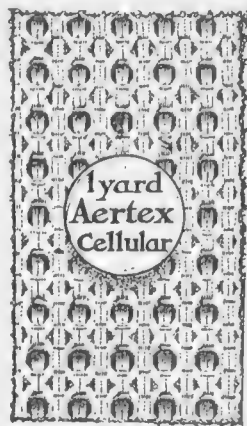


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Aertex Cellular Day Shirt, from 3/6



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Get ready for the bright weather by asking Achille Serre to call.

The Cleaning of your Spring Dresses, Blouses, etc., is an urgent matter now. Sunny days are at hand and you may need your lighter clothing at any moment. If an occasion arises and you find the dress you want to wear is spotted or creased, you will wish you had sent it to Achille Serre before. But we only need Four Days to remove every mark and "re-finish" like new, and if you let us collect your things now they will be ready when you want them.

Write for New Spring Booklet—"After Dull Days"—with address of nearest Branch or Agent, who will collect free of charge.

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THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

Prince Henry's Squeegee.

I note that a British patent has been granted to that prince of sportsmen, H.R.H. Prince Henry of Prussia, for an appliance for cleaning the glass screens of motor-cars. If I remember this excellent device aright as it appeared on Prince Henry's car in the celebrated Prince Henry Tour, it is not designed for cleaning the screen in the exact terms of that word, but for clearing it, or the part of it through which the driver has to look to drive, when it becomes clouded and obscured by rain-drops. There is nothing so disconcerting or so bewildering as trying to peer through a rain-blurred screen, and as this invention of Prince Henry's was very generally illustrated in the British motor Press at the time it was first seen, I marvel that some car-manufacturers or body-makers have not adopted it as a specialty. It is simple in use, easy to make and fit, and does its work perfectly. It takes the form of a radial arm, made like a squeegee, operating from the top or bottom corner of the screen, and moved by any suitable means over the surface of the glass. It clears the rain-drops away perfectly, and as it can be operated frequently without trouble from the seat, the driver can always keep a clear glass to see through.

Good Value for Money.

If I had not long been an Associate Member of the Royal Automobile Club, I am sure that the little brochure lately issued by the Club, and entitled "Motoring made Easier," would have attracted my guinea forthwith. It is only by the perusal of this excellently written work that the real and full value of Associate Membership can be realised in any degree. It is impossible in the narrow space at my disposal to deal adequately with the sound benefits and valuable privileges which accrue from adhesion, but chief among them are: Free legal advice by consultation of the Club solicitor on legal questions affecting motorists; assistance in civil cases and arbitrations; legal protection; and financial help in cases of undue hardship, or when some new principle of importance to motorists is involved. Then there is the right of call upon the marvellously organised Touring Department, which is never at a loss upon any subject connected with motor-touring at home or abroad, and which affords information so complete as at times to be almost embarrassingly redundant. To help you on the road there is the

fine system of well equipped and provided Guides, and the Get-You-Home Badge Scheme, whereby a member is frequently saved more than the amount of his small subscription. Many other privileges, too, there are, but space forbids their enumeration.

Decant Your Benzol or—

As benzol is very much in the public eye at the moment, and as it is put by motorists to the same use as petrol, purchasers may imagine that they may store and retain it in the five-gallon drums in which it is purchased. But, as the *Autocar* most appositely points out, this is not the case, and any motorist who purchases benzol, in drums containing five gallons or over, must, if he would be within the four corners of the law, take the risk and trouble of pouring it into two-gallon cans, for only so contained is it safely stored in the eyes of that egregious ass, the Law. It is, of course, obvious to any person of common-sense that benzol—or petrol, for the matter of that—is more safely bestowed in strong five-gallon drums than in the somewhat flimsy and frequently leaky two-gallon cans. But London motorists must not regard the matter from this point of view, or they will assuredly find themselves embroiled with the L.C.C. officials, who will doubtless seize with avidity upon the opportunity.

The S.M.M. & T.—Thumbs Down!

The alterations made lately by the Royal Automobile Club in the most important regulation of the conditions of the proposed Tourist Trophy Race in the Isle of Man, have made no difference in the position assumed towards it since the beginning of the year by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders. This associated body of sport-discouragers have been opposed to a race in Manxland ever since the beginning of the year, and have never wavered in such opposition. Put without embroidery of any kind, it is, shortly, that the Society do not intend that a race should be held in the Isle of Man this year, and have never intended it. They consider they pay the piper, and that it is up to them to say whether a tune shall be called or not. To my mind, it is far from desirable that the sport of motoring should be under the heel of a roped-in association of this kind, and I should be glad to see the Club make a determined effort to rive their bonds. I honestly believe there are enough and to spare of sporting owners who would enter for a race of sorts, Society or no Society.

TOURING TALKS—No. 4.

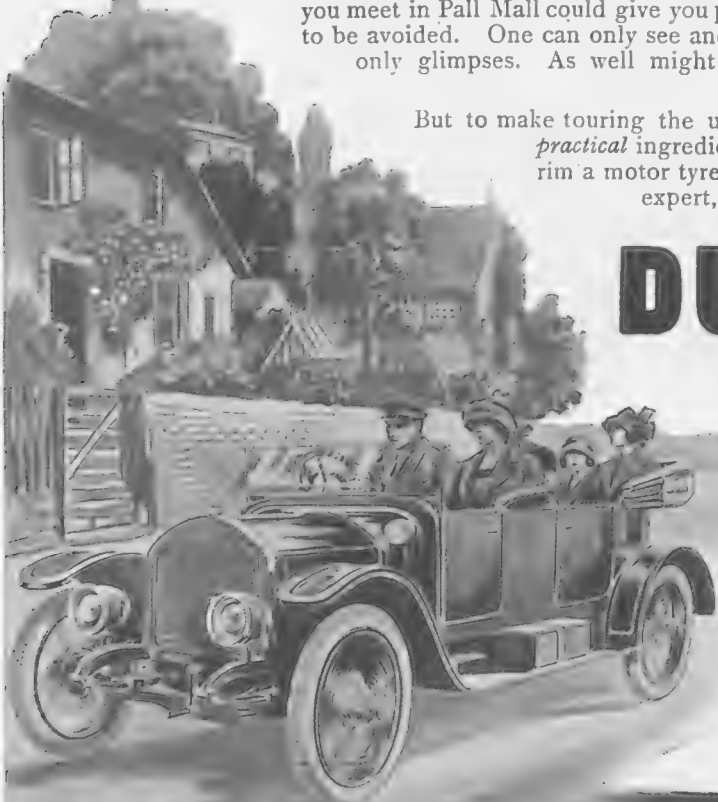
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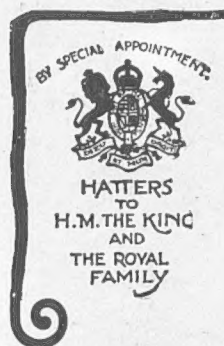
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CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Miss Trehawke Davies; the Milne-Balfour Wedding; Problems at the R.A.; "The Chaperon," at the Strand; Private Viewers; Tortola Valencia as Sumurun's Maid; "Portrait of a Comparatively Poor Man"; "The Rose d'Ispahan"; At the Royal Academy; "The Girl on the Film," at the Gaiety.



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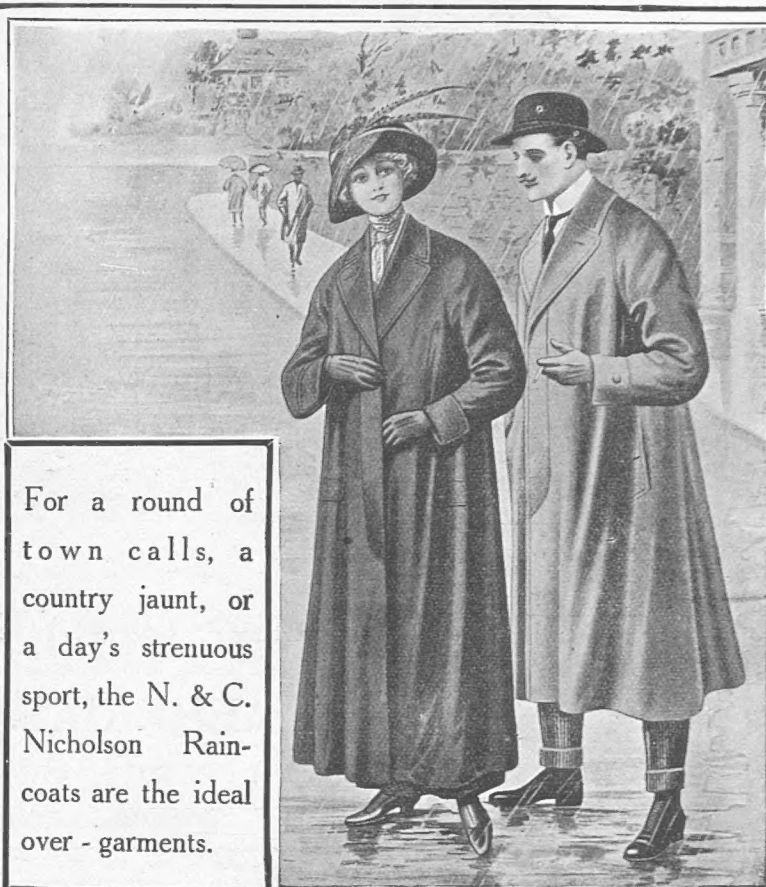
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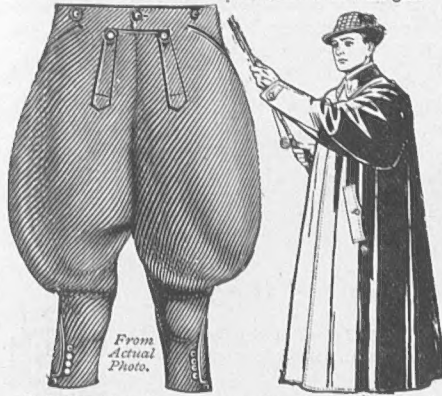
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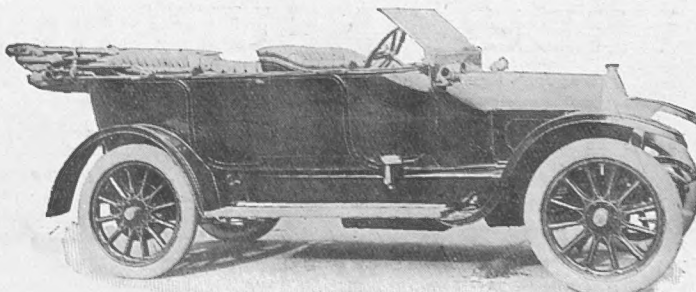
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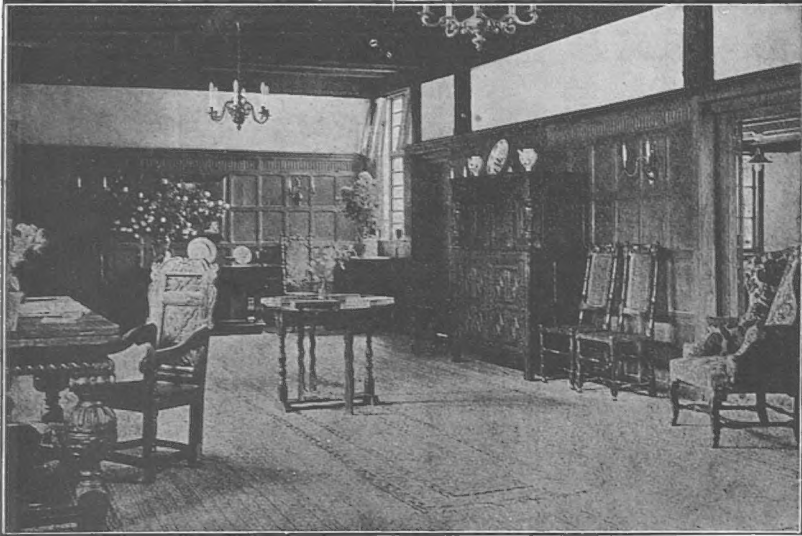
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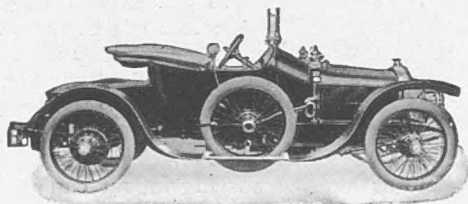
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"Alegra," in *Town Topics*, March 18, 1913.

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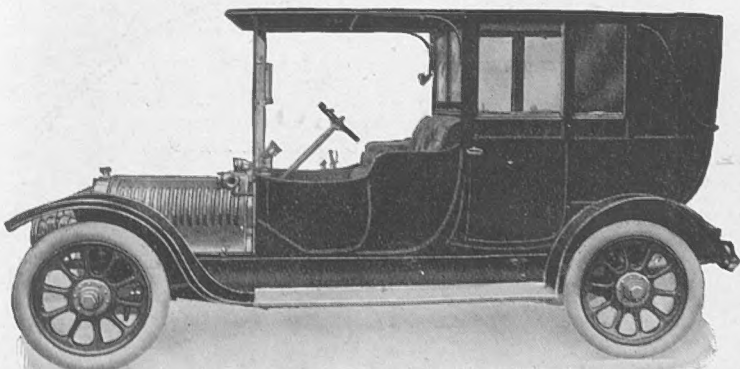
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NOTES FROM THE OPERA HOUSE.

COVENT GARDEN is to be congratulated upon the success of the first and second "Ring" Cycles; Wagner's master work does not seem to grow any older or to lose even a part of its pristine freshness. There were many who thought that with Richter's retirement the days, or nights, of great musical achievement were numbered, as far as the "Ring" is concerned, and that, while there might be some excellent performances, there would be no distinguished ones. Those who thought so reckoned without Herr Nikisch. They forgot his five-and-thirty years' close association with Wagner's opera, his intimate knowledge of the interpretations of the best conductors, his capacity for making a deliberate choice of what seems best to him, and his consummate mastery of the conductor's art. Certainly, in some aspects, the operas have seemed to reveal fresh beauties under the new direction. Nikisch may not see the whole "Ring" as fully and clearly as Richter; yet, though the individual beauties of the score are finely realised, one hesitates to say that the balances are not also well preserved. It may be confessed that the German tenors, as a class, are not younger than they used to be, and it would be flattery to say that such a singer as Van Rooy can always hold the high level of past accomplishments; but there is certainly no lack of good soprani, and Mme. Kirkby Lunn's beautiful voice seems to develop fresh charm year by year. The management has been giving us some fresh scenery, and devoting well-needed attention to certain stage effects, so that there is some element of novelty in the productions. There is still one "Ring" Cycle left for performance, and those who miss it will need to wait a year for another. That Herr Nikisch has justified the hopes of his most enthusiastic admirers is not to be denied: he will probably remain for many years to come in the place vacated by Dr. Richter. It is interesting to learn that, while the German season of 1913 is in full progress, preparations are being made for the corresponding season of 1914, and some of the "Parsifal" scenery is already prepared.

It is a pity that the time allotted to German opera must come to an end in the third week of May, for this will not permit of more than two performances of the "Königskinder." One will have been given by now, and the second is fixed for May 15. Few who have not heard this opera can realise what they have lost. Not only is the story a delightful and an appealing one, but the music reveals Engelbert Humperdinck at his best. He is a composer who will not write to order. Commission after commission has been

offered to and refused by him; he waits for inspiration. It came to him in "Hansel and Gretel"; it returned in "Königskinder," which is surely one of the most charming works ever mounted upon the stage of our National Opera House. Why its appeal has not passed beyond opera to the theatre is one of the puzzles of which music supplies so large a number. If the general public could hear it, the success would surely be remarkable, for while the music is full of appeal to the musician, it has plenty of charm for the listener with a soul above rag-time. The story ranks with those of Hans Christian Andersen and the Brothers Grimm. There are many works that do not seem to get the reception they deserve at Covent Garden; perhaps because the audience is too specialised; perhaps because those who deal with new productions are blasés. The fact remains that operas of more than ordinary beauty fail of their full effect. The Continent enjoys, year after year, many a work that should be no less popular in England. The performances of "Königskinder" at Covent Garden will be rendered notable by the presence in the cast of several singers who have established a Continental reputation in their respective rôles. Frau Sax, of Vienna, is appearing as the Goose-Girl, and Herr Zeigler, of the same city, as the Prince, vice Herr Jadlowker, whose unfortunate illness rendered necessary a change in the original arrangements of the Opera House. The part of the Spielmann is being taken by Herr Hofbauer, who has done so well in "Colonel Chabert." Nobody who can see Humperdinck's opera should miss it.

It is a matter of disappointment to M. Charpentier's many admirers to learn that, in all probability, his new opera, "Julien," will not be heard at Covent Garden this season. The fault is not with the Syndicate, but with the composer, who at the time of writing has not been able to put the finishing touches to his score. It was the hope of the directors of the Opera Comique to mount this work in Paris next month; now they are talking of the autumn, and should this be the time of production, London must possess its soul in patience until next spring. M. Charpentier has achieved such a very complete success with "Louise" that he is, naturally, anxious to leave nothing undone to see the sequel to his great work as complete as hard, unsparing labour can make it. But when all has been explained, the disappointment is a very real one.

There is such a demand for seats on the nights when Caruso is to sing that the success of the expensive experiment should be assured. In addition to this, it is likely that there will be a Command performance at the Opera in connection with the visit of the French President. S. L. B.

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